

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

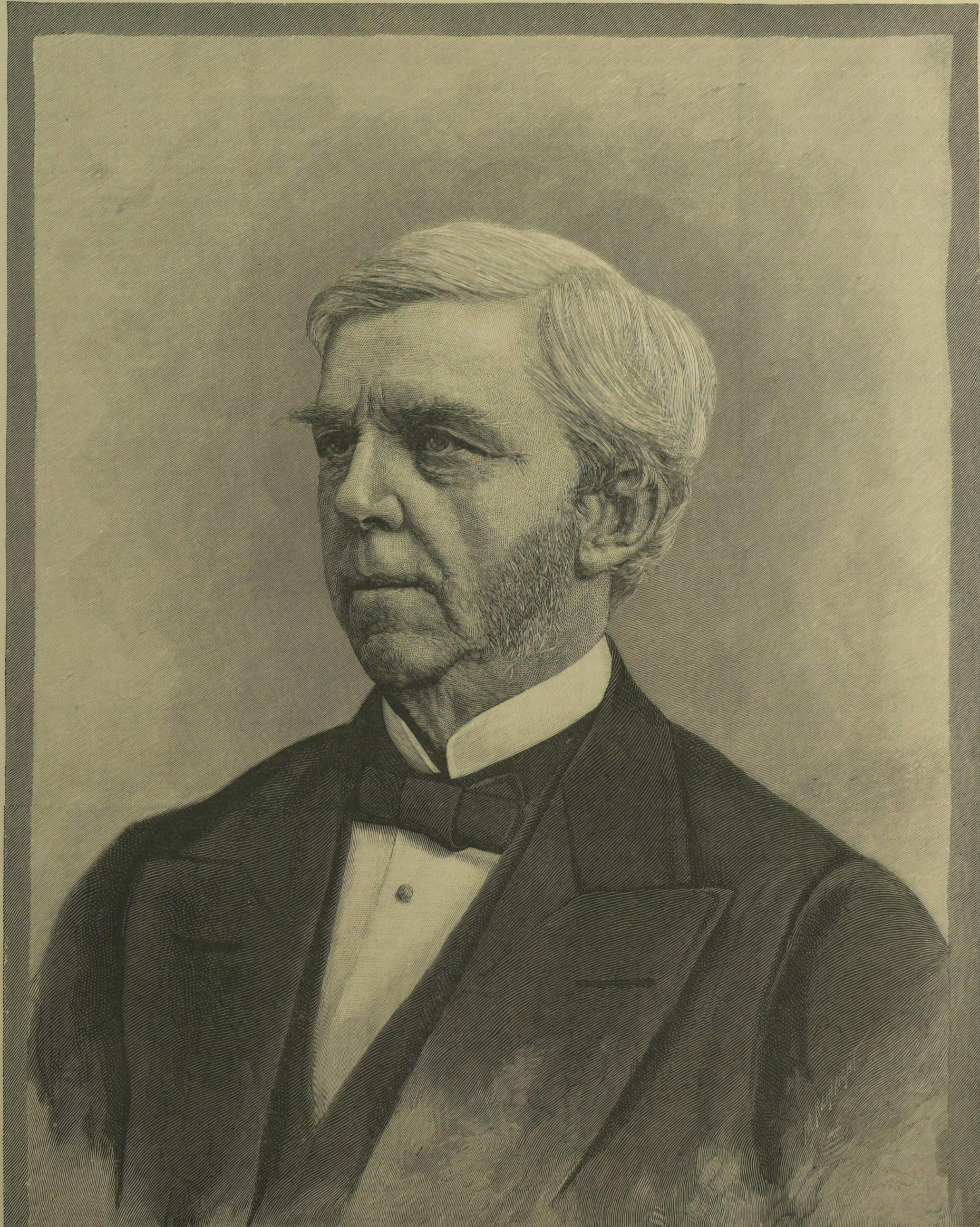


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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1894.

WITH FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT:
THE MANCHESTER-THIRLMERE WATERWORKS } SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



BORN AT CAMBRIDGE, MASS., AUG. 29, 1809.

THE LATE DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

DIED AT BOSTON, MASS., OCT. 7, 1894.

From a Photograph by C. F. Conly, Boston, Massachusetts.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

No one, I hope, has a word to say against the influence of civilisation. Whether "Indians are pison wherever found" or not, it is most soothing (as Mr. Pecksniff used to say) to hear of these nomad tribes settling quietly down, attending Sunday school, and paying a white Congregational elder for preaching to them. Though life under these circumstances may be a little dull, it is better than the wild excitement of the old régime of the tomahawk and the scalping-knife, varied by the impromptu *auto da fé*. The attempt on the part of a North American Indian to look respectable is as great a failure as that of Mr. Squeers. The dignified demeanour of the noble savage is incompatible with a top hat; but it is a subject for congratulation that he has been rendered harmless. It was therefore with a cheerful serenity that I prepared to read in a Connecticut journal the other day an account of a harvest festival instituted by a tribe of converted Indians, to which all the neighbouring palefaces were invited. It was called "Welcome to the Wigwam," and seemed very like other festivals in our own country, except that there was no curate to be made much of. It was so ordinary a performance, indeed, that I should not perhaps have read the paragraph to the end but for my eye lighting upon the name of the hosts. "These Indians," said the reporter, "now reduced to two score families, are all that are left of the once powerful rule of the Mohicans." You might have knocked me down with a feather! If anything in this world is more certain than another, it is surely that the Last of the Mohicans perished with Chingachgook and Uncas. Sunday schools and Congregational elders are very well in their way, but we cannot permit them to destroy our faith in Fenimore Cooper. Either he has deceived us or these people are illegitimate. Is it possible that Uncas did not confine himself to a platonic affection with the younger daughter of the great white chief, or did the elder, the eminently respectable Cora, suffer her admiration for Chingachgook's character to lead her into an indiscretion? For my part, I don't believe it for one moment; and I think it only right that a master of fiction such as he who painted Hawkeye should have his facts respected, and not be left to the mercy of a provincial reporter. What is very curious, and does not speak well for the gratitude of American readers, not a word of surprise seems to have been expressed in the neighbourhood at the Last of the Mohicans coming to life again.

Perhaps the youth of America has forsaken Cooper, as our boys are said to have done with Marryat; but if so, the case is more deplorable because there are so few American classics to be forsaken. For my part, I am almost inclined to agree with Thackeray in liking Hawkeye "better than any of Scott's lot." What noble stories those five are in which the hero is described from youth to age, though in somewhat inverse order! But the first to appear has always seemed to me the best of the five works. The friendship between the white man and the red stands quite apart; no similar attachment has been ever described in fiction. Nor has any youth attracted the admiration of the reader by more simple arts than Uncas. The conversation of that delightful young man was generally limited to a monosyllable—that wonderfully expressive "Ugh!" which I never dared to read aloud, by-the-bye, it sounded so short of expectation—but when he did speak, as when he volunteered upon a certain perilous errand with the quiet phrase, "Uncas will go," his words went to one's heart-strings. Where Cooper is wanting is in humour: he constantly makes the good scout indulge in silent laughter, of the same kind that old Mr. Weller used till his son warned him of its danger; but for the life of me I could never see what he saw to laugh at.

The obligations which our best English authors owe to Cooper, though unacknowledged, are great and various. There is no doubt that a haunting memory of the Trapper's death suggested to Thackeray the "Adsum!" of Colonel Newcome: "For a moment he looked about him as if to invite all present to listen (the lingering remnant of human frailty), and then with a fine military elevation of the head, and with a voice that might be heard in every part of that numerous assembly, he pronounced the word 'Here!'" A living novelist, in no way more open to the charge of plagiarism than Thackeray himself, owes a similar debt. In that admirable romance "The Refugees," by Dr. Conan Doyle, the Indians give their slaughtered victims the appearance of life in order to entrap their enemies by persuading them that the station is in friendly hands. The very same device is used in (I think) "The Deerslayer," where the dead English soldiers are made to look as though they are fishing in the lake, and the cautious scout observes that one does not hold his rod quite naturally.

I cannot understand why the contents of the will of a late eccentric lady in the Isle of Wight should excite such general amusement. Why should she not have provided for her cats as well as for Lord Randolph Churchill? Indeed, it is quite possible she may have had a motive for associating them. She may well have said to herself, "This will ensure his Lordship's fidelity to the Conservative cause; since the connection between 'cat' and 'rat'

will be too obvious to permit of tergiversation." As to leaving one's money to one's favourite politician, there is nothing new in that. It is deplorable that it should never be left to one's favourite author; but in this world it is not the deserving poor, but those who make the most noise who receive succour. As to the cats, this good lady's carefulness for her "pussies" may be set against the brutality of those who, leaving town for their holidays, make no provision for the maintenance of their furry friends while they are away. It is better to err on the side of kindness than of cruelty. What can be more natural than that a kind-hearted woman should be solicitous to secure the comfort of the animals that have been her loved companions, when she is no longer on earth to protect them? For my part, I would that every will—where means permitted of it—would take account of the humblest individuals (dogs and cats not excepted) who have ministered to the comfort of the testator. In how few instances where tens of thousands have been bequeathed are our clerks and servants "remembered," whom a few pounds, which would never be missed by our heirs—perhaps already wealthy—would make happy for life! In many cases these persons have been our friends indeed, if the word has any meaning, and yet how, when we are taking leave of this world, we ignore their existence! To provide for them, if gratitude was allowed to have its way, would be in a great measure to bridge the gulf that yawns between rich and poor; a vast class of our fellow-creatures would, at all events, be relieved from sordid cares, and at an expense that would be felt by nobody. That service should be no inheritance is, in fact, nothing less than a disgrace to those who have been well served.

What must be very pleasant to the historical novelist is the reflection that he can never be at a loss for a theme. So far as that goes, at all events, he has not to spin the thread of his story, like a spider, out of his own interior. Another agreeable thought is that not even the most audacious critic can bring his own experience to bear against the likeness of the portraits. He cannot pretend to have had a more familiar acquaintance with Pope Joan or the Black Prince; nor can the ordinary reader pick holes in the characters as not being true to life. This is merely a matter of opinion, not between the author and twelve of his fellow-countrymen, but between man and man. Indeed, since the author has probably "crammed" for months to provide his materials, his adversaries, who know nothing about the matter, are at an immense disadvantage. Under these circumstances the historical novelist has a comparatively easy task before him. But unfortunately there is even a worse thing than to be criticised, and one from which he suffers more than any other kind of story-teller—namely, not to be read. This is the fate of nineteen out of twenty historical novelists. The public at large do not know this, because they never see the novels; but the fact is that as everyone thinks he can drive a gig, so every young gentleman with a turn for letters thinks he can turn out a story of the Middle Ages, and if he has money to pay for it, I do not say publishes it, but brings it out. To write an historical novel that is worth reading, and still more which compels people to read it, is a very different business. To invest dry bones with flesh and blood—to bring a whole generation back to life—is, indeed, a far more difficult task than to draw from the living model; but if you succeed the triumph is more complete. In the days of chivalry the knights who aimed at the breastplate took the safer course, and those who aimed at the helmet a far more perilous one; but if the thing (or the helmet) came off their victory was more decisive. So it is with the writer of the historical novel: he essays a more difficult task than the modern story-teller, but if he performs it he is more to be congratulated.

These reflections naturally occur to one as one opens a book like "My Lady Rotha." Is it possible, one wonders, that any art of the author can make us personally interested in the contemporaries of the Thirty Years War? We may have confidence in him from what the sporting world calls his previous performances. The magic of his pen has reconciled us, notwithstanding our stay-at-home tastes, to leave English soil before. We have been with him to ancient France on more than one occasion, and found him a delightful companion; but to accept his invitation to Germany—without a single Englishman in our company—the Germany of three centuries and a half ago, requires more faith and hope than are given to everybody. By the time we have read a few pages, however, we are Germans, with some rather unpleasant recollections of Count Tilly, perhaps, but otherwise quite at our ease with the population; excellent friends with a beautiful Countess and her faithful serving man, and hand-in-glove with gentlemen with many quarterings and many hangings and quarterings. To say truth, the author himself does not flatter these free-lances: "Varying in everything else, in one thing these warlike gentry agreed. As they came prancing towards us I did not see a face among them that did not repel me, not one that I could look at with respect or liking. Where dissipation had not set its seal so plainly as to oust all others, or some old wound did not disfigure, cruelty, greed, and recklessness were written large. The glare of the bully shone alike under flapped hat and iron cap. One might show a swollen visage, flushed

with excess, and another a thin, white, cruel face; but that was all the odds." Yet mainly by means of these materials, with some, of course, of a contrary kind, the author holds us spellbound. A book more full of adventure and excitement it would be hard to find. For my part, I grudged the summons to meals that kept me even for a bad quarter of an hour from these stirring pages, and what I resented very much was that when I went to bed—which I could not be induced to do till I had finished the story—I dreamt of it, which has never happened to me in the case of my own less immortal works. Brave as are Mr. Weyman's soldiers, they have not more courage than himself in giving his Lady Rotha to the man that most deserved her. The only bone one has to pick with him is that he suffers no catastrophe to overtake Fräulein Max.

The gentleman who taught Prince Bismarck Russian has been giving his recollections of his astute pupil. One deliverance of his is especially noteworthy. Upon the Professor complimenting the Prince upon his cigars, the latter replied, "Good cigars are the best friends of the diplomat; the best dinner that ever was cooked would leave a bad impression if followed by bad cigars." This latter statement seems unnecessary, for surely no host worthy of the name would make such an error; it would be indeed "spoiling the ship for a pound of tar"; but as regards the eulogium on tobacco, how true it is! Not only diplomats, but men of business have cause to speak highly of it. It makes intercourse easy from the first, gives the talk a friendly tone, and facilitates agreement. Here in England this has only begun to be understood; in old-fashioned houses in the City the weed is still tabooed as being something Bohemian and disreputable. But by the younger establishments and among the junior partners of the old ones, its merits as a lubricant are well understood. When an American comes here to "trade," it is not too much to say that it is five per cent. in that Englishman's favour who offers him a good cigar. It is of itself an act of hospitality, and one which in this country he will the more appreciate from its rarity. The advantages of the business cigar are various: it predisposes the mind to agreement, avoids awkward pauses, and deprives silence of antagonism. Instead of prolonging matters, as it might be thought to do, it shortens them by doing away with superfluous talk. A man with a good cigar is indisposed to open his lips unless he has something to say. In diplomacy I can understand that tobacco is even a still more potent ally: to hide one's too speaking countenance in smoke, or to puff it (in the friendliest manner) in the eyes of one's antagonist, cannot but be advantageous.

It is strange indeed that ladies are still found to object to their husbands smoking, a habit which promotes content and mitigates irritation in all who use it. But it has lived through much worse opposition. The stage—generally in favour of our little weaknesses—was a vehement enemy to the weed on its first introduction. In "Every Man in his Humour" one of the characters observes, "I marvel what pleasure they have in taking this roguish tobacco. It's good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers; there were four died out of one house last week with taking it, and two more the bell went for yesterday." Yet it is curious that even in those early days it was acknowledged that the use of tobacco had caused drunkenness to decline. There was even a song sung in its praise, or rather in its defence, for its eulogy can hardly be called fulsome—

Much meat doth gluttony procure,
To feed men fat as swine;
But he's a frugal man indeed,
That with a leaf can dine.

He needs no napkin for his hands,
His finger-ends to wipe,
That hath his kitchen in a box,
His roast meat in a pipe.

It is not often that a Blue Book (unless it is one of Mr. Andrew Lang's fairy ones) has anything in it of an exhilarating nature, and still less one that has for its theme convict labour. But a kind friend of mine has called my attention to a letter on that subject, which, like the precious jewel in the head of the toad, one would never have expected to find there. It was written to the secretary of a committee appointed to find employment for our convicts, and seems to me most happily to combine patriotism and personal prejudice. It was proposed that a harbour of refuge in Scotland should be built, and the writer discusses his own locality as the place for it. "The area from St. John's Point round to Scotland's Haven is at present a complete solitude, and it is questionable whether the endeavour to get a special settlement established in such a situation is true patriotism. But if the stupendous workings of Nature, as manifested by a boundless ocean, with the incessant rollings and surgings and breakings of the risings and fallings of the ceaseless and ever-varying flowings and ebbings of the waters of its vasty depths, in storm and in calm, can have any effect in quelling the evil spirit that possesses unregenerate man, then here he should be brought, as the impressions are indeed most awfully sublime. However, the heart of the only man I know here is as depraved as that of the wickedest and most irreclaimable of your convicts can be."

ECLOGUES OF ARCADY.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

II.—THE SQUIRREL'S HARVEST.

Now is the squirrel's harvest. Beech-mast and acorns are now in season. I was sitting this morning close to the smooth grey mottled trunk of an immemorial beech at Waggoner's Wells when—pat-a-pat, pat—a noise hard by, as of hurrying and scurrying feet, attracted my attention. So loud it was, one might almost have said a troop of skirmishers from Aldershot at double-quick through the woodland, save that it came from overhead; and overhead skirmishing, from the nations' airy navies, grappling in the central blue, is happily as yet a thing of the poet's prophetic imagination. I looked up into the tree, and there, to my surprise and delight, lo! half-a-dozen merry squirrels all foraging together after the rich beech-mast which forms the larger part of their winter's provender. Even as I watched, one of the pretty harvesters descended the trunk nimbly with his sharp small claws, and approached, unawares, within a few feet of the spot where I was sitting. No sooner did he see me, however, than he gave me one sharp glance from his keen black eye, perpend for a second whether to trust me or not, and then, this way and that dividing the swift mind, came quickly at the end to the safe conclusion that men were bad lots, even when they pretend to be playing the observant philosopher. So up the smooth bark he darted, quick as thought, finding his foothold by magic, as is the wont of his race, all ignorant of Newton's troublesome theory of gravitation. Then, when he knew himself well out of reach and secure from pursuit, he turned and laughed back at me with those beady black eyes of his, in merry mood, as who should say, "Ah, great clumsy creature, *you* can't follow me here! Don't you wish you had a gun? Wouldn't you like to catch me?"

This quaint quality of roguishness, so sadly rare in northern animals, the squirrel possesses with not a few other monkey-like peculiarities. Such mental traits seem, indeed, to spring direct from the wild life of the woodland. The freedom which the squirrel enjoys in his native trees—the power he possesses of evading pursuit by darting along the small twigs at the end of a bough—gives him a sense of triumph over dog or man which often results in a positive habit of nothing less than conscious mockery. The opossum and the monkeys, equally tree-haunting beasts, have acquired from similar causes the same delight in insulting and ridiculing their baffled enemies. Very monkey-like, too, is the squirrel's pretty way of holding an acorn between his two fore-paws to feed himself; while in general intelligence and sense of humour he hardly at all falls short of his southern competitor. The woods are everywhere great developers of intelligence: all the cleverest beasts and birds, including parrots and toucans, are almost without exception confirmed tree-dwellers.

I notice, too, that the squirrels are just now doubly preparing for winter; not only are they prudently stocking their larders, but they are also putting on their light suits for the season. For squirrels, even in England, still retain to some extent the ancestral habit, acquired, no doubt, during the great Ice Age, of changing their coats for a lighter one during the snowy months. In Lapland and Siberia, indeed, the local squirrels imitate the ptarmigan and the ermine by turning grey in winter; in Britain, they have lost that habit as a regular climatic change, but the fur, nevertheless, gets interspersed in places with a number of whitish hairs as the cold season approaches. It is a trick of atavism. Your squirrel sleeps away the worst months in his cosy nest, with his bushy tail wrapped like a blanket or a martial cloak around him. Thus, that pretty adjunct serves a double purpose: in summer squirrels employ it as a balance, like the rope-dancer's pole; in winter they use it as a convenient coverlet. Now and then, in February, if a warm day turns up, they wake from their doze for a short spell, and visit one of the granaries where their nuts are stored. But, like prudent beasts that they are, they never lay by their treasure in their own nests, because their too frequent going and coming while hoarding nuts might attract attention, and so betray them unawares to the too observant stoat or the inquisitive weasel. They even take the precaution to spread their investments widely, so to speak, by garnering nuts and acorns in several holes at once among the trees that surround their own family residence.

When spring returns the squirrel emerges, a sadder and decidedly a thinner beast. But there are now no nuts, no seeds, no grains; so he takes against his will to the young bark and tender shoots of the trees around him.

About the same time, too, the squirrel's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love: the young of last year's brood begin to mate themselves. And a pretty sight the mating is, indeed. I was strolling one day through the Nower at Dorking—a lightly wooded park—when I saw by chance one of the daintiest little idylls of real life I have ever yet been lucky enough to witness. A tiny female squirrel emerged all at once from a hole in an oak-tree, hotly pursued close behind by two ardent suitors. Round and round the trunk they ran, now up, now down, all regardless of my presence; the little lady once and again pretending to let one or other of her wooers overtake her, then pausing and looking back at him with her roguish black eyes, and finally darting away with true feminine coquetry just as he thought he had caught her. Ha, ha! the wooing o't! I stood and watched the pretty little comedy for full twenty minutes; and all the time it was as clear as crystal for which of her two admirers that arrant little flirt had the greater inclination. Not that she ever let him see it himself too plainly; she sometimes encouraged him awhile, and sometimes his rival. She was coy, she was forward, she was bewitching, she was cold; she employed every art known to female wiles—in one word, she was a woman. I wished those who doubt the reality of selective preferences in the lower animals could have been there to see. It was a sweet little courtship. At last the tiny coquette made her choice quite plain; and then the discomfited suitor went on his way, crestfallen, while his successful

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO LEEDS.

On Friday, Oct. 5, the Duke and Duchess of York, who were the guests of the Hon. Mrs. Meynell-Ingram at Temple Newsam, visited Leeds for the opening of the new medical school, connected with the General Infirmary, and of the central hall and library of the Yorkshire College. There were two accidental delays or interruptions, the one from the late appearance of the royal carriage to bring them from Temple Newsam, the second from the alarming behaviour of an insane person, who insisted on climbing the steps of their carriage and was forcibly removed by the escort of Lancers. It was an hour later than the time appointed when their Royal Highnesses got to the Town Hall. Hero they were received by the Mayor and Mayoress, and the Town Clerk read an address of welcome from the Corporation, referring to former visits of the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales to Leeds. The Duke and Duchess of York were then conducted to the Yorkshire College, where the President, the Marquis of Ripon, gave an account of the history of this institution, now in its twentieth year, affiliated to the Victoria University of Manchester; it has 500 day students, 400 evening students, and 200 at the medical school. It has received grants from the Cloth-workers' Company to the amount of £33,500, besides a yearly grant of £2300, and grants also from the County Councils of the North, East, and West Ridings, in aid of technical instruction. Principal Boddington having presented an address from the professors, lecturers, and students, the Duke of York declared the hall, library, and adjacent new rooms to be opened. Their Royal Highnesses passed into the new medical school building, where the Dean of the Faculty, Dr. Scattergood, made a statement of the position of that department of teaching. After the ceremony of opening, the Duke and Duchess of York partook of luncheon at the Town Hall, the Marquis of Ripon presiding, the Yorkshire College authorities being the hosts for this day. His Royal Highness made a cordial speech, in which he said: "Both my father and mother take an active interest in the Yorkshire College, and they have asked me to tell you that they have the most pleasant recollections of their visit to Leeds in 1885. I think it very difficult to form an estimate as to the value of such an institution as this, which does its work so quietly and so efficiently. You do not strive so much after individual excellence as to improve the general intelligence of the masses, and to satisfy their eagerness to learn; and you stimulate their desire for higher education by your laboratories, by your art and science departments, and the facilities which you now offer for a University education."

THE NEW FRENCH AMBASSADOR.

The newly appointed French Ambassador in London, Baron de Courcel, is one who has ably represented the French Republic at the two most powerful Courts of the European Continent—namely, that of St. Petersburg from 1877 to 1880, and that of Berlin from the end of 1881 to September 1886, and who, in the interval between those diplomatic services abroad, held under Gambetta during some months the chief administration of business at the Foreign Office in Paris. He is in the sixtieth year of his age, and has been employed in the Department of Foreign Affairs since his twenty-fourth year; he is a wealthy landowner of the Seine-et-Oise, and was there elected in 1892 a member of the Senate. It will be remembered that Baron de Courcel was one of the Commissioners of International Arbitration who lately examined the question of the Behring Sea fisheries or sealeries in dispute between Great Britain and the United States. His characteristics are power and suavity—the iron hand covered with a velvet glove. His father was secretary to that prince of diplomats, Talleyrand, and it would be strange indeed if this fact had not influenced Baron de Courcel. Gambetta was so much pleased with his knowledge of diplomacy that he tried to persuade him to join his Government as Minister for Foreign Affairs. The Baroness possesses the same delightful ingratiating manner as her distinguished husband, and although she is unable, by reason of illness, to accompany him immediately to London, she will be certain to make friends as soon as she presides over social functions at Albert Gate. There are various formalities, including M. Decrais' parting visit to the Queen, which precede the new Ambassador's actual residence among us. He may be assured of a hearty welcome.

BARON DE COURCEL,

THE NEW FRENCH AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S.

rival, too overtly triumphant, and rejoicing in his luck, gazed after him and jeered at him.

I am happy to add, however, that squirrels, once mated, are models of propriety in their domestic relations. They are strictly monogamous; they pair for life; and they constantly inhabit the same dwelling. That last is surely a pitch of respectability to which not even the blameless London clerk who "always comes home to tea" has as yet attained. He has been known to flit on quarter-days.

A WOMAN'S LAST WORD.

Promise me nothing. Men are mortal. I
Loose from your heart my hand.
(The grave is deeper than the heavens are high.)

My house—of love—was builded on the sand.
Promise me nothing. That the heart will rain
On eyes whose tears are done,
And lips that will not kiss you back again
For ever any more, I know, for one.

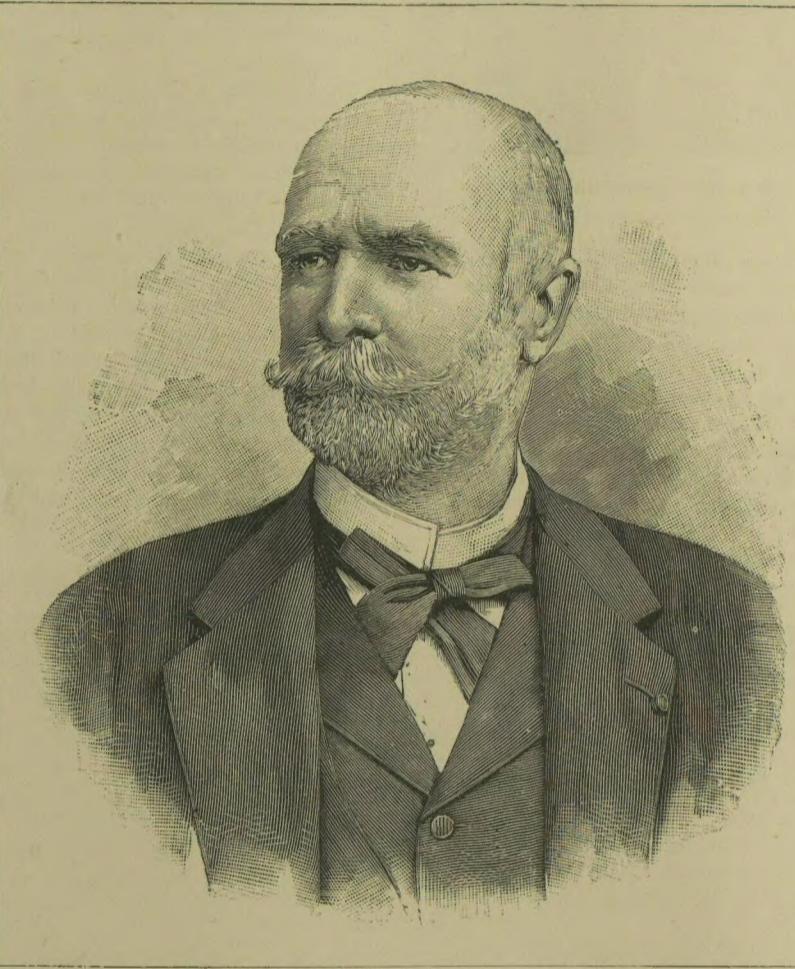
Promise me nothing. You but said "Till death,"
Even with my wedding-ring.

Promise me nothing, lest with my last breath
I make you promise—only everything.

Promise me nothing. One day you will buy
Another ring, you know.

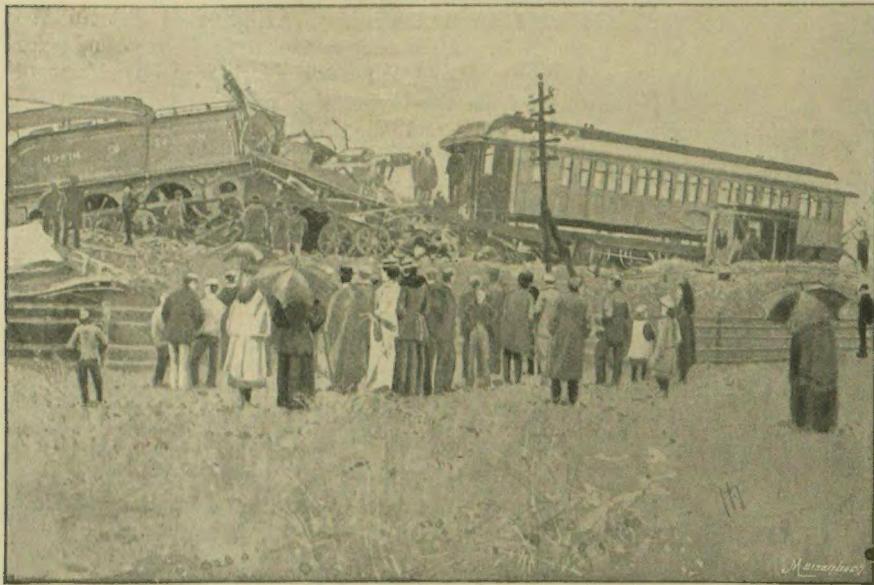
Then, if the dead walk in their sleep, must I
Come, shivering, back to say—"I told you so!"

SARAH PIATT.



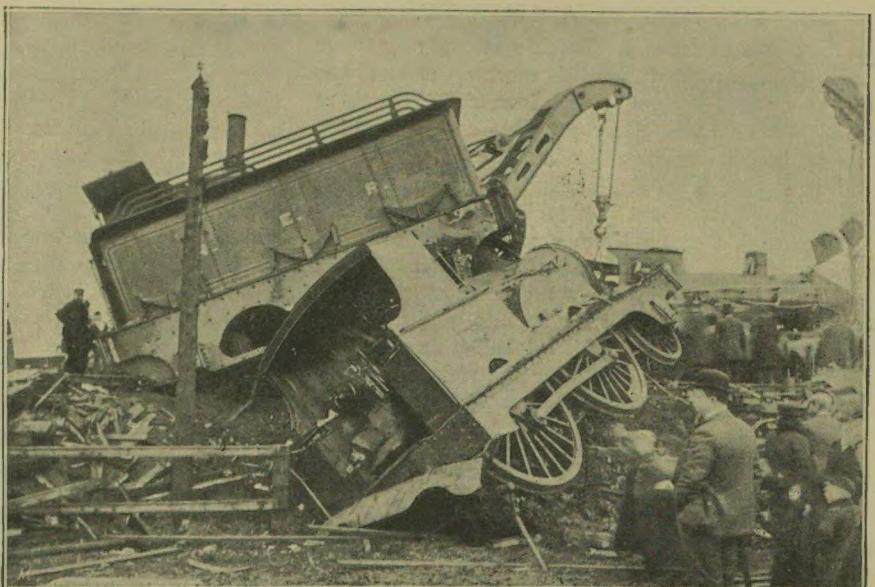
THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT NORTHALLERTON.

Early on Thursday morning, Oct. 4, the East Coast express train, leaving Edinburgh for London at half-past ten in the evening, came into collision at Northallerton, in Yorkshire, on the North-Eastern Railway, after passing Darlington, in a thick fog, with some coke-wagons, at a junction of the line from Stockton, Middlesbrough, and Hartlepool, to Leeds. The two engines of the express train, with the guards' van and one passenger carriage, were destroyed; the drivers and stokers were severely injured; but the passengers, of whom there were a hundred and thirty, escaped with a shock or severe shaking. Only the Pullman sleeping-car was thrown forward off the line. Among the passengers were two Ministers of State, Lord Tweedmouth and



THE PULLMAN CAR AND TENDER OF THE FIRST ENGINE, SHOWING THE WRECK OF THE COMPOSITE CARRIAGE.

Mr. Arnold Morley, travelling to London for a Cabinet Council, Lord Hindlip, Mr. Barry, M.P., and Professor Annandale, of Edinburgh. These gentlemen were unhurt. It was a few minutes past three in the morning; they were shunting the mineral-train into a siding at the Castle Hills junction, near Northallerton, but eight wagons remained on the main line. There was another coal-train already in the siding. The signalman at the Wiske Moor Cabin had put up danger signals, and was about to lay a fog signal for the express train when it approached, but could not get across the line in time, owing to the wagons being upon it. The drivers, Adamson and Clack, of the two engines in front of the express train probably did not see the danger signals in the dense fog. They put down the brakes as soon as they were made aware of the danger



THE SECOND ENGINE AND TENDER.

by the driver of the first coal-train blowing his danger signal. Assistance came quickly; the injured persons were removed to the Northallerton Cottage Hospital, and the passengers were delayed not more than two hours on their way to London. The driver Adamson is not expected to recover; Clack has had his left arm amputated.

The condition of the express train, immediately after the disaster, is thus described by an eye-witness: "The leading engine was thrown over on the down line; the other was still in front of the train, but with the tender tilted up behind, and the débris of the guard's van under it. Here the track was completely blocked. Behind the engine and between it and the Pullman car the wreck was complete. The guard's van was a heap of splinters and luggage, and the third-class carriage between it and the Pullman car had apparently been squeezed out to the left; but the passengers in it escaped unhurt. These two vehicles occupied the position between the Pullman and the engines. Their collapse relieved the shock on the part of the train behind. The body of the Pullman car remained in a condition to afford efficient protection to its inmates. It had, however, slipped bodily along on the bogie-truck which carries its ties. The sleeper behind the Pullman had rammed it to the extent of demolishing the gallery and making it rather difficult for the occupants to get out. The rails here were a good deal knocked about; but from the sleeper behind the Pullman, rearwards, the damage rapidly disappeared and the rails were undisturbed."



CRANES RAISING THE FIRST ENGINE.

SHELLEY MEMORIAL AT VIAREGGIO.

Thou art gone from us; other bards arise,
But none like thee . . . (thy) spirit
Hath sat regardless of neglect and scorn,
Till its long task completed, it hath risen
And left us, never to return, and all
Rush in to peer and praise when all in vain.—BROWNING.

Whatever "neglect and scorn" Shelley once endured—and there was more than enough!—to-day we do indeed "rush in to peer and praise"; and not in England alone. The



MONUMENT TO SHELLEY AT VIAREGGIO.

goodly gathering on Sunday, Sept. 30, by the beach of the little Italian seaside town of Viareggio, near to which the poet's dead body was washed ashore seventy years ago, shows that the lyric strains of our liberty-loving poet have found an echo in Italian hearts. As bespeaking English sympathy, the names of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Swinburne fittingly appear among those of the committee, but the tribute to our poet is truly from Italy. It was in a conversation between two Italians, in August 1890, that the idea of this memorial originated; and now it is the hand of an Italian sculptor—Signor Urbano Lucchesi—which has carved the face which looks out over the waves Shelley loved so well. The pedestal bears the name of the poet, and the record that he was "in 1822 drowned in the sea and consumed by fire on this shore"; below is carved a book, inscribed "Prometeo." No more significant name could have been chosen than that of "Prometheus

"Unbound"—the paean of liberty and love of human kind, wherein, as the inscription says, "every generation has its token of struggles, tears, and redemption."

The Italians love to commemorate the great of their own and other lands. Certainly England cannot complain of their neglect. The pen had scarcely fallen from the hand of Mrs. Browning when "grateful Florence" placed its tribute on Casa Guidi. Immediately after the death of the author of "Asolando," Asolo marked the spot where the poems were written. Keats has at last his monument at Hampstead, but long has his tablet looked down on the Piazza di Spagna at Rome, where he died. Byron's name is on his homes at Ravenna and Genoa. Landor's old home at Fiesole is now the Villa Landore. Shelley now has his monument in Italy as well as at Christchurch.

Well may the Italians cherish the name of Shelley! His poems, like jewels, are scattered, so to speak, over Italy. An Italian skylark, heard among the lanes near Leghorn, prompted one famous ode; an Italian "cloud" suggested another; a Pisan "sensitive plant" gave rise to the poem of that name. Among the trees of the Cascine at Florence, when in the December days the leaves were flying and the Arno rushing, Shelley conceived that lyric—one of the grandest and most perfect in our language—the "Ode to the West Wind." Venice is commemorated in "Julian and Maddalo." From Byron's villa he looked down upon the plain of Lombardy, and the "Lines among the Euganean Hills" are its memorial. High among the lofty and verdure-clad arches of the Baths of Caracalla at Rome, "Prometheus" was finished. At Leghorn, in a house still, or till quite recently, standing, the "Cenci" was written. Even distant Naples has its "Ode."

It was from Pisa, where he had occupied rooms in the Tre Palazzi di Chiesa (three huge adjoining houses belonging to the Chiesa family), that Shelley and his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, went in April 1822 to the lonely village of San Terenzo. Their home, Casa Magni, was then a house of but two storeys, with but four rooms on the first floor—a central dining-hall with bed-rooms off it. These are unchanged, as is the "Terrace" built on arches in front. The lower floor—now serving as kitchen, &c.—was then a boat-house. In 1822 the village was smaller, the sea-beach larger—as the waves have encroached—the whole district lonely, and a footpath led round the bay to Lerici, a mile away. Now an ugly embankment has taken its place, and the high road passes in front of Casa Magni, and cuts it off from the sea.

While here Shelley's little schooner—an open two-masted boat, 28 ft. long by 8 ft. beam—came from Genoa. They called her the *Ariel*. If ever a man loved a boat, that man was Shelley! Boats of paper, boats of leaves, boats of nutshells would he set afloat. Did he not float them on the Hampstead ponds for Leigh Hunt's children? He now had a real boat of his own! Imagination likes to linger on the trips to Lerici; to the quaint Porto Venere, and in and out the lovely little coves and bays of the Gulf of Spezzia or along the coast; moonlight voyages with his wife's head upon his knee, while Mrs. Williams's guitar "tinkled" and her voice echoed from the hills—

The keen stars were twinkling
And the fair moon was rising among them,
Dear Jane!
The guitar was tinkling,
But the notes were not sweet till you sung them
Again.

News came on July 1 that Leigh Hunt had arrived at Genoa from England; at noon the little *Ariel* was afloat, and by nine o'clock it was safe at Leghorn, whither Hunt

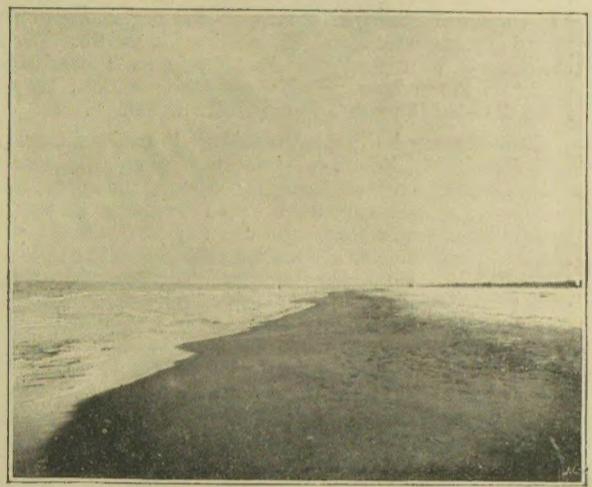
had come to meet Shelley and Byron. Having seen Hunt settled in Byron's palace at Pisa, the friends parted. On Monday, July 8, the air was hot, close, and thundery, and the sea leaden and oily; but, in spite of friendly warnings, the *Ariel* sailed northward from Leghorn Harbour. As evening drew on, big patterning drops began to fall and the wind came in gusts; then the crashing storm burst with its thunder and lightning. In twenty minutes it was all over. But the little *Ariel* was gone!

Eight days later, two hardly recognisable bodies were washed ashore, one south, one north of Viareggio. Hunt's parting gift to Shelley at Pisa—Keats's last volume, "Hyperion"—was in the pocket of one, doubled back as if hastily thrust there while reading. In mid-August, after the bodies had lain buried in the sand for a month, came the closing scene. How vivid it still is! The lonely shore, with its burning sand and the blue sea; the mountains inland, with the white streaks of the marble quarries; Byron, Leigh Hunt, Captain Trelawny, waiting while the diggers searched for the body; the heavy blow on the skull which sent a shudder through them all; the funeral pile with its pale flames; the solitary sea-bird hovering above; Byron's plunge in the sea; Leigh Hunt watching from the carriage; Trelawny's burnt hand as he thrust it into the flames to pluck forth the poet's heart.

Not here, however, but away at Rome, where

Grey walls moulder round, on which dull Time
Feeds like slow fire upon a hoary brand,
close to the tomb of Caius Cestius, that

One keen pyramid with edge sublime,
Like flame transformed to marble,
did the charred ashes of the poet find their final resting place. Trelawny lies beside his friend, and beneath

THE SHORE WHERE SHELLEY'S BODY WAS BURNT.
ABOUT 1½ MILES NORTH OF VIAREGGIO.

Leigh Hunt's Latin inscription with its familiar words, "Cor Cordium" (which the recent monument repeats), are Ariel's no less familiar lines from "The Tempest"—

Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.

W. HALL GRIFFIN.



SAN TERENZO: CASA MAGNI, SHELLEY'S LAST HOME, ON THE RIGHT.

PERSONAL.

The change in the editorship of the *Fortnightly Review* is a noteworthy event, almost as noteworthy as a change of Government. There is no English periodical with a more striking tradition. The first editor was George Henry Lewes, the second Mr. John Morley, who was succeeded by Mr. T. H. Escott. Mr. Escott's retirement, due to his unfortunate illness, led to the accession of Mr. Frank Harris, who is now re-

placed by Mr. W. L. Courtney. Mr. Courtney is an Oxford Don, a Fellow of New College, who has written a work on logic, a play on the theme of Christopher Marlowe, produced by Mr. George Alexander at the St. James's Theatre; some literary essays, and a great deal of journalism in the *Daily Telegraph*. Mr. Courtney has had some editorial experience of periodicals, for he was at one time conductor of *Murray's Magazine*, unhappily deceased. The chair which he will occupy at the beginning of next year has associations which will try his mettle. We are accustomed to regard the *Fortnightly* as the advanced guard of the reviews, which sounds the *reveille* of the new ideas destined to make a figure in the world.

The illness of the Czar continues to excite the gravest apprehensions. As official information is scanty, rumour holds the field, and is making the most of the opportunity. Diplomacy is turning anxious eyes towards the Crimea, for it is undeniable that the pacific disposition of Alexander III. and the great tenacity of his character have done much for the maintenance of European peace. This personal strength of the Czar is enhanced by his gift of reticence. There has been no such silent monarch since the days of the famous Prince of Orange, of whom Motley wrote that "when he died the children cried in the streets." It is not possible for a crowned head in these days to inspire so much affection, but William the Silent himself was not charier of speech than Alexander III., who has rarely been known to utter a word which has found its way into the newspapers. It is significant that his illness has drawn many striking tributes to his character from organs in the European Press which have formerly criticised his methods of rule.

Mr. Gilbert must really write a comic opera about China. Nothing in "The Mikado" was ever so amusing as the stories of Chinese officialism which come to us every day. The Viceroy Li Hung Chang has a precious nephew, one Sheng, who was commissioned to purchase arms and ammunition for the Chinese army. He bought worthless rifles from German traders, and sold them to the Chinese Government for about four times the original price. When taxed with this misconduct he admitted it with such cynical effrontery that his uncle slapped his face. Did not the Mikado in the Gilbert and Sullivan opera sing a song about the propriety of "making the punishment fit the crime"? And does the Viceroy Li Hung Chang think that his nephew's tingling cheek has sufficiently expiated a very bad piece of treason? It is said that Sheng has disappeared on leave of absence from his official duties on account of ill-health. His head may have taken leave of absence from his body, a proceeding not uncommon in the official routine of China.

"Perhaps Dr. Wendell Holmes's most striking endowment," writes a correspondent, "was his fancy. It was particularly striking in his conversation. I remember calling on him at his house in Boston some years ago, and almost immediately he said: 'You are going to congratulate me about my age. Pray don't! It is a dangerous topic, not for me, but for the young. Now, I get letters constantly in this vein—'Dear Dr. Holmes, as in the ordinary course of nature you must die soon, please send me your autograph by return of post.' What happens to the misguided writers of those letters? They die—they die early. So whenever any young person comes to see me, I say at once, 'My dear Sir, or my dear young lady, on no account mention my age. It is a disastrous omen—for you!'" He pursued this fancy for some time, and then he said: "There are the interviewers, now. One of them came here, and I showed him the view from this window. I said I could see nine townships. He went back to San Francisco and wrote in his paper, 'Dr. Holmes is evidently failing. He says he can see nine townships when he means nine steeples.' I am expecting every day to read how that interviewer has come to a sudden and premature end."

The stories of Jabez Balfour remove his extradition further and further into the shadowy region of vague possibilities. He is said to have escaped from Salta, and there is, at all events, no question that for some mysterious reason the legal proceedings against him are getting more and more belated. Presently he will pass into a proverb, and "When Jabez returns" will be an idiomatic phrase equivalent to the arrival of the Greek Kalends, and to that process which is to give us unlimited lark-pie when the sky

falls. To the general newspaper reader the performances of Jabez offer a gentle stimulus of curiosity. It is a relief to turn from the lurid details of the war between China and Japan to a soothing reverie about the prisoner of Salta. This, by-the-way, might be a theme for Mr. Anthony Hope, who could get even more diversion from the Salta exile than from the adventures which were prompted by the monarch shut up in the castle of Zenda.

Mr. John Burns has been saying some breezy things about the character and tactics of the Independent Labour Party. He has warned the working men against charlatans without conscience or scruple, and against "bounders on the bounce." To this one of the Independents, Mr. Frank Smith, has retorted with a description of somebody as "a bull-doing, conceited, selfish individual" and "a bombastic, bullying boss." It may be wondered, however, how many working men in this country know what "bull-doing" means. Mr. Frank Smith has evidently been in America, where the expression is familiar as a synonym for a rather ferocious kind of coercion. There is a weapon over there which is known as a "bull-dozer." But is there any need for Mr. Frank Smith to borrow this exotic invective? "Boss" is an old importation to which we may have to submit; but surely "bull-doing" might be left in its native atmosphere. The English language is quite strong enough for the purposes of abuse, especially in the circles which the Labour leaders are in the habit of addressing.

The death of the Duke of Somerset recalls the fact that there have been two Dukes of Somerset within a twelve-month.

The late Duke's predecessor had an individuality scarcely shared by his successor, an amiable nobleman chiefly distinguished by his love of horses. At Maidstone Bradley, near Bath, his country seat, where he died, the late Duke erected a drinking-fountain, with an inscription in simple verse testifying to the thoughtful care of the man who is

merciful to his beast. The Somerset family have one of the most interesting pedigrees in the aristocracy. The first Duke was the Edward Seymour who was made Protector of England during the minority of Edward VI., and whose brother, Thomas Seymour, the Lord High Admiral, married Catherine Parr, the widow of Henry VIII. Thomas died on the scaffold, to which he was dispatched by his brother, who suffered the same fate at the hands of Mary.

The late Sir Rupert Kettle, long County Court Judge for Worcestershire, but more widely known, during thirty years past, as an arbitrator and systematic promoter of arbitration in trading and industrial disputes, merits our sincere commendation, upon the occasion of his death, which has occurred at or near the age of seventy-seven. He resigned, a year or two ago, his judicial appointment and the assistant chairmanship of the Staffordshire Quarter Sessions.

A native of Birmingham, who began life in the office of a solicitor at Wolverhampton, he was intimately acquainted with the Midland manufacturing population, and with all that concerns their labour and wages in the iron and other metal, coal, pottery, Nottingham lace and paper trades.

His idea of arbitration was that an umpire, accepted by

both parties, should be legally empowered to make a final and binding award.

Mr. Gladstone, in 1880, conferred a

knighthood upon the advocate of this principle. It remains, perhaps, for some future statesman to give it the form of a legislative act.

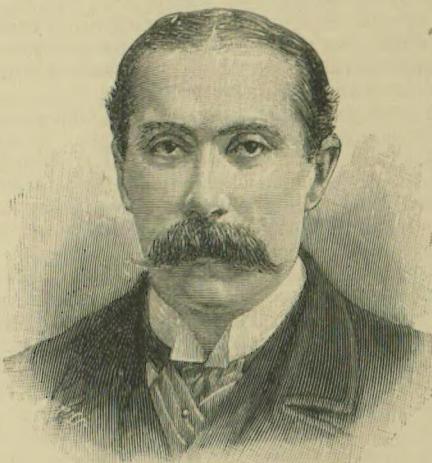
Earl Grey is dead, in his ninety-second year: the venerable survivor of the great Whig noblemen and statesmen who, after the long party struggles and vicissitudes of the reign of George III., gathered strength, within living memory, to effect the political revolution of 1832, and in the person of the late Earl Russell (the Lord John Russell of the Reform Bill times) represented, before ever Mr. Gladstone did, those Liberal principles which have now been pretty well secured. The late Earl Grey will not hold a place in English history so eminent as that of his father, Prime Minister from 1830 to 1834, who died in 1845; but he was perhaps superior in intellectual force, and his rigid integrity, his uncompromising adherence to convictions not borrowed from others but worked out by logical meditation, commanded the esteem of serious minds. Temporizers and opportunists called him "the Crotchety One"; he was too independent, or even intractable, for Cabinet deliberations, and his lack of pliancy was a disqualification for succession to the Premiership in any case. But he did good work as Minister for the Colonies, and his personal example is worthy of respect.

A new revolution appears to be impending in Paris, and its Danton is, of all people in the world, M. Francisque Sarcey. M. Sarcey has discovered that the French system of *entr'actes* in the theatres is a gross abuse. The average wait between the acts is about twenty minutes, and it is taken for granted that the French

playgoers like this because they wish to emerge upon their beloved boulevards about midnight. But M. Sarcey disputes this altogether. He says the Parisian playgoer is no longer *noctambule*. He wants to get to bed at a decent hour. He is bored to death by the waits in the theatre. Why do not the Paris managers imitate the practice in London? London commends itself to M. Sarcey not only in this respect. He invites the Paris managers to follow the example of their London *confrères* by occasionally providing new scenery and appointments for a play which has enjoyed a long run. These revolutionary sentiments might alarm M. Sarcey's friends were it not that he is careful at the same time to show that his views of the drama are unchanged. A play is a reality to him only when it expresses his ideas, when it echoes his joys and *douleurs*. If it presumes to represent any life outside that charmed circle then away with it!

M. Paul Bourget, who is publishing in the *Paris Figaro* his impressions of America, seems to be speaking his mind with some frankness. He has been to Newport, and he was struck there and elsewhere by the ostentation of the wealth. The American people, he says, have many admirable qualities, but they lack the sense of proportion. When the American trains travel quickly, they travel too quickly; when an American builds a high house, he builds it too high; and it is only when he is spending too much money that he has any sensation of spending enough. M. Bourget's American readers will not thank him for this judgment; but most of his readers, of whatever nationality, are probably wondering why the author of "Le Disciple" allowed himself to be beguiled from his analytic studies of Parisian women into the vortex of the American democracy.

The sudden death of Sir John Astley, Bart., of Everleigh, Wilts, at the age of sixty-six, will be much regretted by patrons of English sport, and will be a serious loss to those interested in agricultural improvement, especially in the rearing of horses and cattle, and "breeding in all its branches." He was M.P. for North Lincolnshire from 1874 to 1880, and had served with the Scots Fusilier Guards in the Crimea.



Mr. W. L. COURTNEY,
New Editor of the "Fortnightly Review."

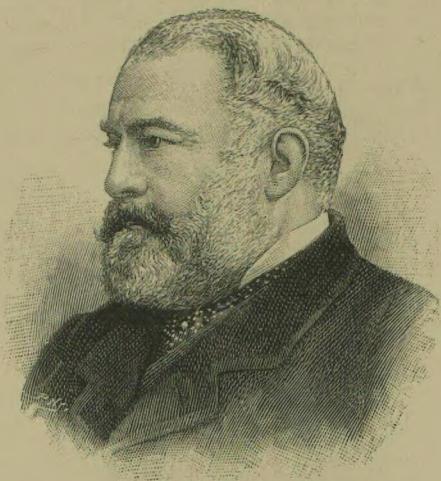


Photo by Bennett and Sons, Worcester.

THE LATE SIR RUPERT KETTLE.

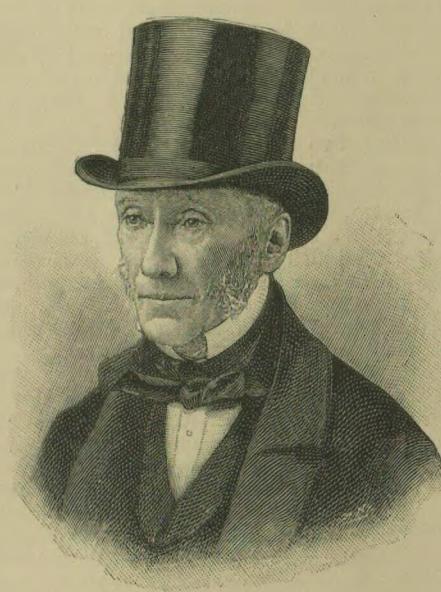


Photo by Dickinson and Foster.

THE LATE DUKE OF SOMERSET.

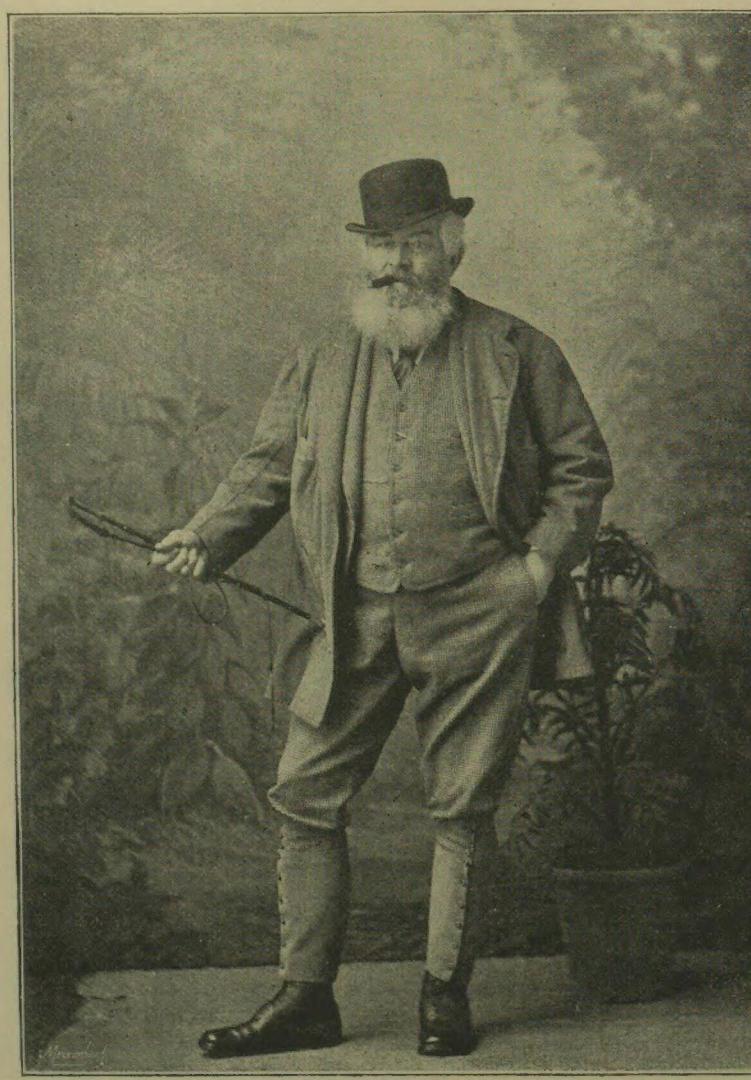


Photo by Sherborn, Newmarket.

THE LATE SIR JOHN ASTLEY, BART.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen is at Balmoral, with her guests, Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, and with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and several of the children of the Duke of Connaught and of Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.

The Princess of Wales is at Mar Lodge, on a visit to her daughter, Princess Louise of Wales, Duchess of Fife, and the Duke of Fife.

The Prince of Wales visited the Duke and Duchess of York, in London, on Monday, Oct. 8, and went next day to Newmarket. The Duke and Duchess of York have gone to Sandringham.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York, on Oct. 5, at Leeds, addressing the President and Governors of the Yorkshire College, alluded to the generosity of the Clothworkers' Company, which has nobly endowed that and other public educational institutions. He repeated: "I cannot refrain from a further allusion to the good that is done by the ancient companies and guilds of the City of London. The charities they maintain and subscribe to, the encouragement and help they give to the trades they represent, and the influence for good they exercise are well known to us all, and command our most hearty respect."

A Cabinet Council was held in Downing Street on Thursday, Oct. 4, when Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Fowler, Mr. Bryce, and Mr. Campbell-Bannerman were absent.

It is stated that the subject which principally engaged the attention of the Cabinet was the condition of affairs in China and the possible danger to British subjects in that country, and that the *St. George*, a protected cruiser of the first class, a second-class cruiser, and two first-class gun-boats are at once to be dispatched as reinforcements to the British squadron on the China station.

At a meeting of the Court of Common Council on Oct. 4, an urgent report was submitted, dealing with the report of the Royal Commission on the Unification of London. It alleges that the scheme of the Special Committee of the London County Council has almost entirely formed the basis of the Commissioners' report; and it demands the reasons which have induced the Commissioners to suggest the confiscation of the ancient rights and privileges of the Corporation, and the transfer of its property in exchange for an annual allowance of 10,000 guineas. The Corporation has a right to take its stand on the Parliamentary compact entered into at the passing of the Local Government Bill of 1888, which, as originally drawn, proposed not only to create a County Council, but to establish district councils throughout the metropolis. The Corporation has always been favourable to this plan, and expressed its readiness loyally to assist in carrying it out by allocating a portion of its funds to such councils. The suggestions of the Commissioners, if carried out, would effectually prevent this being done. After some discussion the report was agreed to.

On the other hand, a special committee of the London County Council characterises the report of the Unification Commission as the most valuable contribution that has been made towards the solution of the problem of London government, and as affording, in the main, a satisfactory basis for legislation. It asks the Council to communicate with the Government with a view to early legislation on the subject. On Tuesday, Oct. 9, the London County Council received this report, but on the motion of Sir John Lubbock, deferred its consideration for one month.

The Lord Mayor, who was accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, laid on Saturday, Oct. 6, the foundation-stone at Limpsfield, Surrey, of a Caxton Convalescent Home, which is to be erected for the benefit of members of the printing and allied trades by Mr. J. Passmore Edwards at a cost of £7000 or £8000.

Alderman Sir Joseph Renals has been elected Lord Mayor of London for the ensuing year. On Monday evening, Oct. 8, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress gave the customary banquet at the Mansion House to the Lord Mayor-elect. Most of the Aldermen, the Sheriffs, and some of the civic officials were among the guests.

The impending triennial election of the London School Board excites much interest. An address issued by the London Nonconformist Council urges Nonconformist electors to secure the return of candidates pledged to oppose the policy of the present majority on the Board with regard to exacting orthodox religious doctrine in Board schools.

The opening, at Exeter, on Tuesday, Oct. 9, of the thirty-fourth annual Church Congress is discussed in our article on another page, which presents also two views of Exeter Cathedral and portraits of several leading members of the Congress. To those who knew Exeter in the time of Bishop Phillpotts the holding of this Congress in that ancient city must seem an amusing change and a cheerful

sign of the advancing liberality and activity of the Church of England. Bishop Temple and Bishop Bickersteth have successively worked up the fertile soil of religious sentiment and thought in Devonshire, the rural parishes of which, being decidedly of a Protestant complexion, were sadly distressed by the Ritualist and sacerdotalist movement fifty years ago, and by the episcopal prosecution of Mr. Gorham, of Bramford Speke—the first beginning of modern disputes concerning legal State jurisdiction in Church affairs.

Earl Spencer, First Lord of the Admiralty, on Saturday, Oct. 6, inspected the war-ships now being constructed at Messrs. Laird's yard at Birkenhead. The training-ship *Conway* was also visited by the First Lord, who addressed the lads, advising them to strive their utmost to win the five cadetships which the Admiralty had decided to offer in December, to be competed for by the boys on board the *Worcester* and *Conway*.

A shocking disaster took place at Chatham, near Canterbury, on Tuesday, Oct. 9, by a South-Eastern Railway train, at a level crossing of the line, running over a wagon conveying twenty hop-pickers, of whom seven were killed and eight badly injured.

The nineteenth annual show of the British Dairy Farmers' Association, opened on Wednesday, Oct. 10, at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, is the largest show

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

With the majority of our dramatic reviewers the play and its story is a matter of far more interest than the acting that it calls into play. The consequence is that the art of the actor and actress is often comparatively ignored or passed over with easy comment, in order to devote more time and space to the description or analysis of the literary work. In my humble opinion, the success of "The Case of Rebellious Susan," by Henry Arthur Jones, is due in a great measure to the general excellence of the acting, and in a very marked manner to the remarkable performance of the man who pulls the puppets—Sir Richard Kato—a masterly bit of acting by Charles Wyndham. If we had seen anything like this on the French stage twenty or thirty years ago, we should have been wailing and complaining about the want of finish and expression in English art, pointing with envy to the superiority of the Frenchmen, and possibly making the inevitable exception in the case of Leigh Murray and Alfred Wigan. I am not quite old enough to have seen Leigh Murray at his best, but even in his later days you could see from his acting in "His Last Champagne" what an actor he must have been. With regard to Alfred Wigan I was always a bit of a heretic. He was good, no doubt, in his little sketches of French character, his "First Nights," and so on; but I have seen him do dreadful

things in Shakspeare and Sheridan, and though he had the credit, in my early days, of being, with Charles Mathews, among the very few "gentlemen" on the English stage, I must own that I thought him one of the worst-dressed gentlemen I had ever seen. The best things that Alfred Wigan ever did were inspired by his wife, who was by far the more distinguished artist of the two. But I am easily able to compare Charles Wyndham with later contemporaries on the French stage, and in such a performance as this he suffers in no degree from a comparison with some of the best artists of the Comédie Française, the Gymnase, or the Vaudeville. It has been Charles Wyndham's lot in life to be connected with farcical comedy, and he did it so much justice that for a long time the public would have nothing else, and wanted to force Mr. Wyndham into a groove from which it was not so easy to extricate himself. It was the same thing years ago with E. A. Sothern. He got into a groove, and the public wanted to keep him there, but he did not get out of it quite so successfully as Charles Wyndham has done. He was an admirable actor and finished artist, but I do not think he could have played Sir Richard Kato as Wyndham does. There was not a bit of pure comedy in "Home" relatively so good as the scene between Charles Wyndham and Miss Gertrude Kingston in the last act of "Rebellious Susan." Miss Kingston has never done anything so good in comedy as this. It was delightful acting all round. Miss Nina Boucicault made a surprising success as the "New Woman," making a vivid character out of the little, determined, and consequential baggage who first pertly patronises and then metaphorically sits upon her mild-mannered husband, played with rare touches of humour by Mr. Fred Kerr. As for Rebellious Susan, the lady is a difficult creature for any actress to tackle, because Mr. Jones has not made it quite clear to the audience to what extent she has been indiscreet when tem-

porarily separated from her husband. Before the play came out we had only the bare text to guide us, and from the text it would have been as easy to argue a platonic attachment between Lady Susan and her Cairo boy as a serious and guilty one. But no sooner had the play been produced and criticised according to "our lights" than out came the author with an open letter to Mrs. Grundy telling that worthy lady that Rebellious Susan had retaliated and lied. Miss Mary Moore, at any rate, must be acquitted from any blame in the matter. She had only the text to guide her, and certainly on the first night both Miss Moore and Mr. Benjamin Webster played the only guiding scene exactly as if the attachment were purely platonic. In her whole career Miss Mary Moore has done nothing better or more graceful. No one in the cast had a more difficult task before them. Although the motive of the play may be thin and the doctrines a little hazy, although we should all like to know definitely and exactly what stupid Jim Harabin did, and what Rebellious Susan left undone, still the writing is so bright, clever, and unsaggy, the character-drawing is so vivid, and the acting so excellent that I can promise anyone an evening of rare intellectual enjoyment at the Criterion while this pretty Susan is rebelling.

But talking of intellectual treats of a rare and enviable kind, do not let anyone who has a Saturday afternoon to spare miss one of Clifford Harrison's recitals at the Steinway Hall. The place is crowded with enthusiasts, and the attention is so strained that you could hear a pin drop. Once more Mr. Clifford Harrison will be compelled to spend the winter abroad, but he has several delightful programmes to get through before he visits his beloved Swiss lakes.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO LEEDS: SOME NOTABILITIES OF THE TOWN.

From Photographs by Heslop Woods, Leeds.

MR. JOHN HARRISON,
Town Clerk of Leeds.

DR. THOMAS SCATTERGOOD,
Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, Yorkshire College.

of the kind ever yet held. The entries of cattle are not so numerous, but those of cheese and butter are far in excess of any previous occasion. The total number of entries in all sections is 6635, against 5777 in 1892.

In Ireland, on the night of Saturday, Oct. 6, a frightful outrage was perpetrated at the house of a widow lady, Mrs. M'Donnell, in the county of Mayo. She was terribly beaten and burnt, and her house was set on fire.

There is little European foreign news. The illness of the Emperor Alexander III. of Russia is universally deplored; his Majesty is at Livadia, in the Crimea, but will pass the winter at Corfu. There is talk of appointing a Regency, the Czarevitch to be assisted by a Council of Ministers.

The Bill for granting religious liberty to the Jews was rejected by the Hungarian House of Magnates. The Wekerle Cabinet will probably resign within two or three weeks.

It has been decided to dispatch four companies of infantry to reinforce the Portuguese forces at Lorenzo Marques, in the Delagoa Bay province of South Africa.

The war in Eastern Asia now extends beyond Corea, and there are great fears of a Japanese descent upon China. A fleet of transports with troops from Japan is believed to have been sighted off the coast. The Chinese troops are said to be in full retreat from Mukden, and those at Ngan have fallen back on Kaichan. A native army of ten thousand men has been raised in Corea, to be employed in garrisoning the towns. The French Government has ordered four cruisers and a gun-boat to proceed to China.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK
AT TEMPLE NEWSAM.

Five miles south-east of Leeds, the mansion of Temple Newsam, belonging to the Hon. Mrs. Meynell-Ingram, received her royal visitors on Thursday afternoon, Oct. 4; and they went next day to the neighbouring city, to open the additional buildings of the Yorkshire College. Newsam, or "Newhusam," as it is called in Domesday Book, was one of the numerous abodes of the Knights Templars, and subsequently of the Hospitallers, from 1181 to 1324; it was afterwards granted to Sir John D'Arcy, and

picturesque and characteristic building of brick, with stone coigns, with projecting wings, and its roof presents an open battlement of capital letters cut in stone, forming a brief inscription, expressing sentiments of piety and loyalty. The interior contains a fine picture gallery and other handsome apartments. The park is large, well wooded, and stocked with deer. Garforth is the nearest railway station. The Hon. Mrs. Meynell-Ingram is a daughter of the first Viscount Halifax, and a granddaughter, on her mother's side, of Charles, second Earl Grey; she married, in 1863, Mr. Hugo Francis

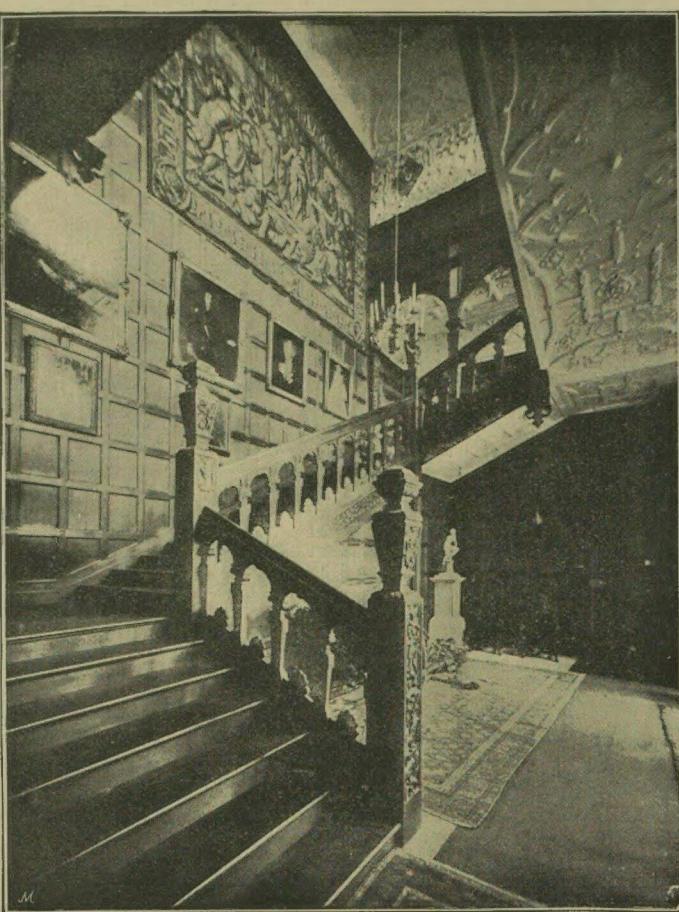
not turn up at the appointed hour at Temple Newsam. After waiting a considerable time the Duke and Duchess decided to start in the Hon. Mrs. Meynell-Ingram's carriage. In the meantime, the mistake at Leeds was discovered, and the royal carriage was sent forward. It



TEMPLE NEWSAM: SOUTH FRONT.

in the sixteenth century was the residence of the Scottish Earl of Lennox and his wife Margaret, the granddaughter of Henry VII. Here was born their son, the ill-fated Henry Darnley, husband of Queen Mary Stuart. Sir Arthur Ingram, who purchased Temple Newsam from the Duke of Lennox, rebuilt the greater part of the house in the reign of Charles I. It is a

Meynell-Ingram, of Temple Newsam, M.P. for West Staffordshire, who died in 1871. Among this lady's guests to meet the Duke and Duchess of York was Prince Adolphus of Teck, who commanded the escort of the 17th Lancers on the visit of their Royal Highnesses to Leeds. By some mistake, the royal carriage with postillions, which it had been arranged should arrive from Leeds, did

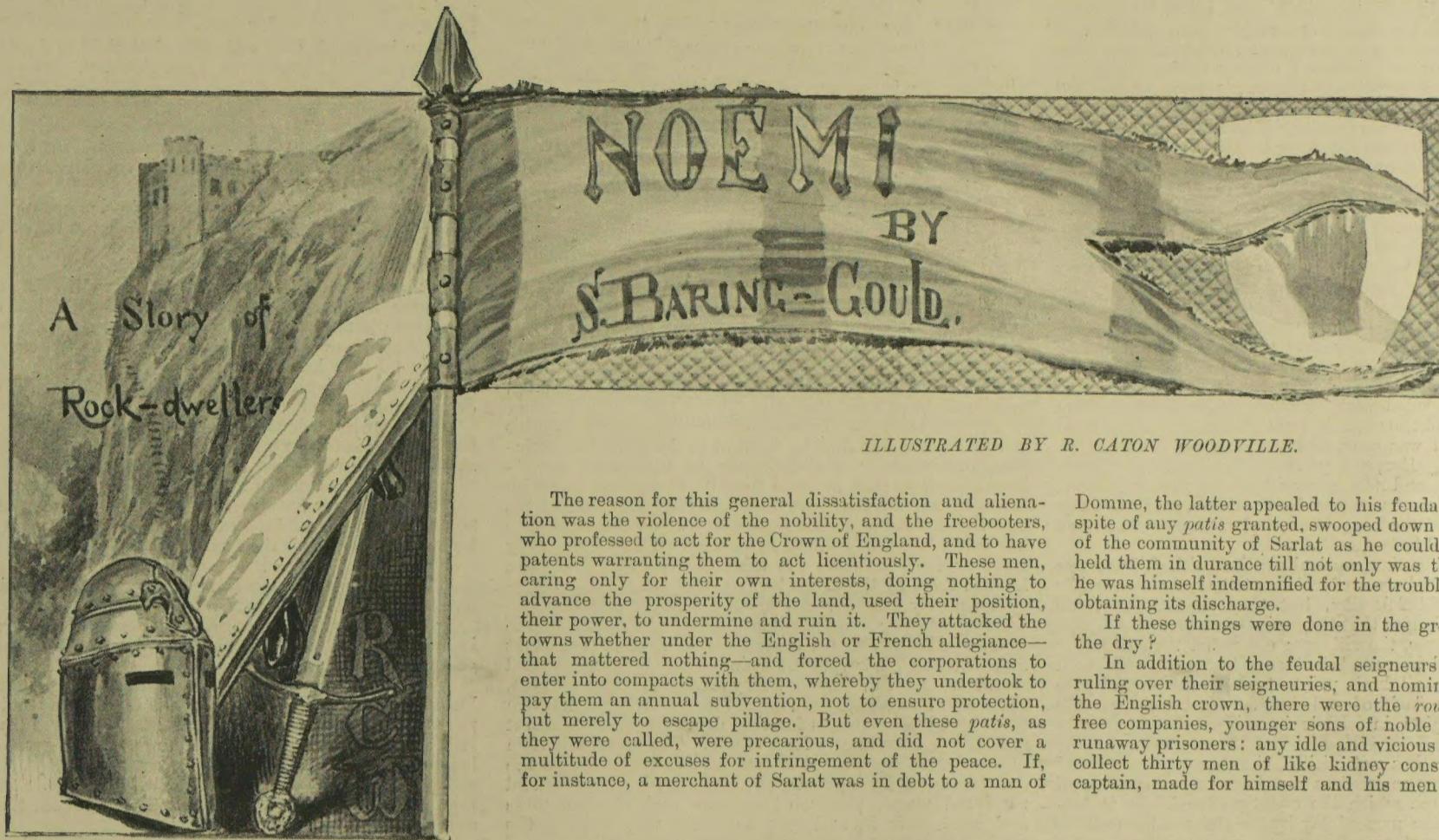


TEMPLE NEWSAM: THE GRAND STAIRCASE.

was too late, however, for the procession, as their Royal Highnesses had reached the North Lodge gates. The postillions, therefore, had the mortification of returning without the royal occupants, and behind them followed the Temple Newsam guests in four or five carriages, the landau containing the Duke and Duchess being in the rear, escorted by a guard of the Lancers.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK WITH THEIR HOSTS AT TEMPLE NEWSAM.



ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

The reason for this general dissatisfaction and alienation was the violence of the nobility, and the freebooters, who professed to act for the Crown of England, and to have patents warranting them to act licentiously. These men, caring only for their own interests, doing nothing to advance the prosperity of the land, used their position, their power, to undermine and ruin it. They attacked the towns whether under the English or French allegiance—that mattered nothing—and forced the corporations to enter into compacts with them, whereby they undertook to pay them an annual subvention, not to ensure protection, but merely to escape pillage. But even these *patis*, as they were called, were precarious, and did not cover a multitude of excuses for infringement of the peace. If, for instance, a merchant of Sarlat was in debt to a man of

Domme, the latter appealed to his feudal master, who, in spite of any *patis* granted, swooped down on such members of the community of Sarlat as he could lay hold of, and held them in durance till not only was the debt paid, but he was himself indemnified for the trouble he had taken in obtaining its discharge.

If these things were done in the green tree, what in the dry?

In addition to the feudal seigneurs in their castles, ruling over their seigneuries, and nominally amenable to the English crown, there were the *routiers*, captains of free companies, younger sons of noble houses, bastards, runaway prisoners: any idle and vicious rascal who could collect thirty men of like kidney constituted himself a captain, made for himself and his men a habitation by

CHAPTER III.

THE WOLVES OUT.

Jean del' Peyra was riding home, a distance of some fifteen miles from La Roque Gageac. His way led through forests of oak clothing the slopes and plateau of chalk. The road was bad—to be more exact, there was no road. There was but a track.

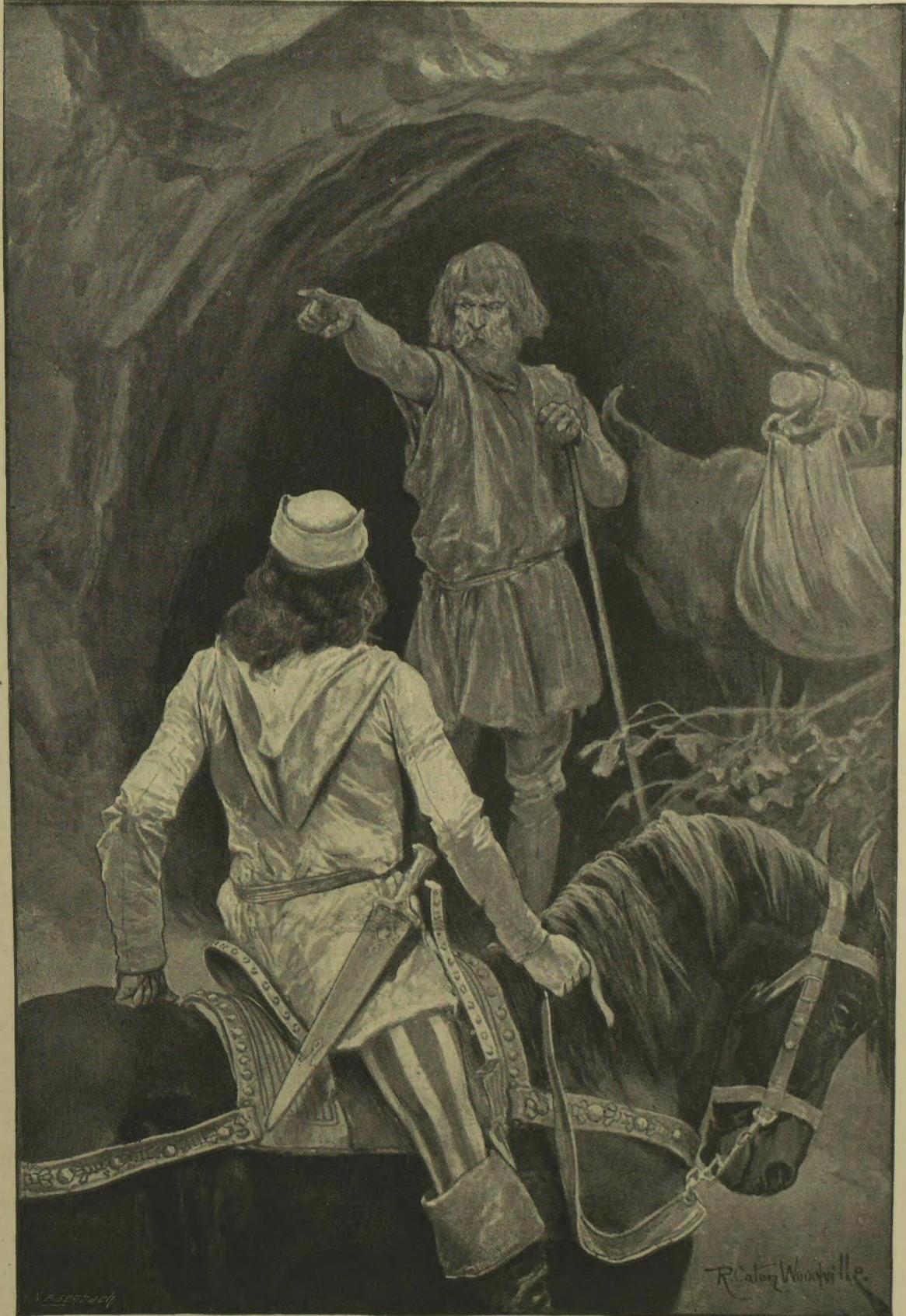
In times of civil broil, when the roads were beset by brigands, travellers formed or found ways for themselves through the bush, over the waste land, away from the old and neglected arteries of traffic. The highways were no longer kept up—there was no one to maintain them in repair, and if they were sound no one would travel on them who could avoid them by a *détour*, when exposed to be waylaid, plundered, carried off to a dungeon, and put to ransom.

To understand the condition of affairs, a brief sketch of the English domination in Guyenne is necessary.

By the marriage of Eleanor, daughter and heiress of William X., Earl of Poitou and Duke of Aquitaine, with Henry of Anjou, afterwards Henry II. of England, in 1152, the vast possessions of her family were united to those of the Angevin house, which claimed the English crown.

By this union the house of Anjou suddenly rose to be a power, superior to that of the French crown on the Gaulish soil, which it cut off entirely from the mouths of the Seine and the Loire, and nipped between its Norman and Aquitanian fingers. The natives of the South—speaking their own language, of different race, aspirations, character, from those in the North—had no traditional attachment to the French throne, and no ideal of national concentration about it into one great unity. Here and there, dotted about as islets in the midst of the English possessions in the South, were feudal or ecclesiastical baronies, or townships, that were subject immediately to the French crown, and exempt from allegiance to the English King; and these acted as germs, fermenting in the country, and gradually but surely influencing the minds of all, and drawing all to the thought that for the good of the land it were better that it should belong to France than to England. Such was the diocese and county of Sarlat. This had belonged to a monastic church founded in the eighth century, but it had been raised to an episcopal see in 1317, and had never wavered in its adherence to the French interest. Sarlat was not on the Dordogne, but lay buried, concealed in the depths of oak-woods, accessible only along narrow defiles commanded at every point by rocky headlands; and the key to the episcopal city was La Roque Gageac, the impregnable fortress and town on the pellucid, rippling Dordogne—the town cramped to the steep slope, the castle nestling into an excavation in the face of the abrupt scarp.

Nearly opposite La Roque stood an insulated block of chalk, with precipices on all sides, and to secure this, in 1280, Philip III. of France built on it a free town, exempt from all taxes save a trifling house-charge due to himself; which town he hoped would become a great commercial centre, and a focus whence French influence might radiate to the south of the Dordogne. Unhappily the importance of Domme made it a prize to be coveted by the English, and in 1347 they took it. They were expelled in 1369, but John Chandos laid siege to it in 1380 and took it again, and from that date it remained uninterruptedly in their hands till the end of the English power in Aquitaine. For three hundred years had Guyenne pertained to the English crown, many of the towns and most of the nobility had no aspirations beyond serving the Leopards. The common people were supremely indifferent whether the Fleur-de-lys or the Leopards waved above them, so long as they were left undisturbed. It was precisely because they had not the boon of tranquillity afforded them by subjection to the English that they turned at last with a sigh of despair to the French. But it was to the Leopards, the hereditary coat of Guyenne, that they looked first, and it was only when the Leopard devoured them that they inclined to the Lilies.



"What has happened?" asked Jean. "The wolves have been hunting!"

boring into the limestone or chalk rock, in an inaccessible position, whence he came down at pleasure and ravaged and robbed, burned and murdered indiscriminately, the lands and houses and persons of those, whether French or English, who had anything to attract his greed, or who had incurred his resentment.

When Arnaud Amanieu, Sire d'Albret, transferred his allegiance from the English King to the King of France, he was seen by Froissart in Paris, sad of countenance, and he gave this as his reason: "Thank God! I am well in health, but my purse was fuller when I warred on behalf of the King of England. Then when we rode on adventures, there were always some rich merchants of Toulouse, of Condom, of La Réole, or Bergerac for us to squeeze. Every day we got some spoil to stuff our superfluities and jollities—alack! now all is dead and dull." That was the saying of a great Prince, whom the King of France delighted to honour. Now hear the words of a common *routier*: "How rejoiced were we when we rode abroad and captured many a rich prior or merchant, or a train of mules laden with Brussels cloths, or furs from the fair of Landit, or spices from Bruges, or silks from Damascus! All was ours, and we ransomed men at our good pleasure. Every day fresh spoil. The villages surveyed to us, and the rustics brought us corn, flour, bread, butter, wines, meat, and fowl; we were waited on as kings, we were clothed as princes, and when we rode abroad the earth quaked before us."

In this terrible time agriculture languished, trade was at a standstill. Bells were forbidden to be rung in churches from vespers till full day, lest they should direct the freebooters to villages that they might ravage. The towns fortified themselves, the villagers converted their churches into castles, and surrounded them with moats. Children were planted on all high points to keep watch, and give warning at the flash of a helmet. Wretched peasants spent their nights in islands in mid-river or in caves underground.

No one who has not visited the country swept and re-swept by these marauders can have any conception of the agony through which the country passed. It is furrowed, torn, to the present day by the picks of the ruffians who sought for themselves nests whence they might survey the land and swoop down on it, but above all by the efforts of the tortured to hide themselves—here burrowing underground like moles in mid-field, there boring out chambers in clefts of the rock, there constructing for themselves cabins in the midst of mosquito-haunted marshes, and there, again, ensconcing themselves in profound depths of trackless forests.

As Jean del' Peyra rode along, he shook his head and passed his hand over his face, as though to free it from cobwebs that had gathered about his eyes and were irritating him. But these were no spider-threads: what teased and confused him were other fibres, spun by that brown witch, Noémie.

He was angry, indignant with her, but his anger and indignation were, as it were, trowel and prong that dug and forked the thoughts of her deep into his mind. He thought of her standing before him, quivering with wrath, the fire flashing and changing hue in her opalescent brown eyes, and the hectic flame running through her veins and tinging cheek and brow. He thought of her voice, so full of tone, so flexible, as opalescent in melodious change as her eyes iridescent of light.

That she—she with such a smooth face, such slim fingers—should talk of crime as a joke, exult over the misery of her fellows! A very leopard in litheness and in beauty, and a very leopard in heart.

Jean del' Peyra's way led down the head stream of the Lesser Beune. The valley was broad—one level marsh—and, in the evening, herons were quivering in it, stooping to pick up an eft or a young roach.

"Ah! you vile creature!" sang forth Jean, as a black hare rose on his left and darted past him into the wood. "Prophet of evil! But what else in these untoward times and in this evil world can one expect but omens of ill?"

The track by which Jean descended emerged from the dense woods upon open ground. As the Beune slid to a lower level, it passed under precipices of rock, about a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet high; and these cliffs, composed of beds of various softness, were horizontally channelled, constituting terraces, each terrace unsupported below, or rather thrown forward over a vault. Moreover, there was not one of these platforms of rock that was not tenanted. In the evening, peasants returning from their work were ascending to their quarters by scrambling up the rocks where vertical, by means of notches cut in the stone, into which they thrust their hands and feet. Where the ledges overhung, the men were drawn up by ropes to the platforms above.

But not only was this the case with men, but with their oxen. Jean passed and saluted a farmer who was in process of placing his beasts in a position of security for the night. His wife was above, in the rock, and was working a windlass by means of which an ox was being gradually lifted from the ground by broad bands passed under its belly, and so was raised to the height of some thirty feet, where the beast, accustomed to this proceeding, quickly stepped on to a narrow path cut in the rock, and walked to its stable, also rock-hewn in the face of the cliff.

In another place was a woman with her children closing up the opening of a grotto that was level with the soil. This was effected by a board which fitted into a rebate in the rock, and then the woman, after putting her children within, heaped stones and sods against the board to disguise it; and when this had been done to her satisfaction, she crawled in by a hole that had been left for the purpose, and by a cord pulled after her a bunch of brambles that served to plug and disguise this hole.

Bitterness welled up in the heart of Jean as he noticed all these efforts made by the poor creatures to place themselves in security during the hours of darkness.

"Ah, Fontainey!" called Jean to the farmer who was superintending the elevation of his second ox. "How goes the world with you?"

"Bad, but might be worse—even as with you."

"With me things are not ill."

"Whence come you, then?"

"From La Roque."

"Aha! Not from Ste. Soure?"

"No, I have been from home these fourteen days."

"Then do not say things are not ill with you till you have been home," remarked the peasant dryly.

"What has happened?" asked Jean, his blood standing still with alarm.

"The wolves have been hunting!"

"What wolves?"

"The red. Le Gros Guille."

"He has been to Ste. Soure?"

"He has been to where Ste. Soure was."

CHAPTER IV.

IN NOMINE BEELZEBUB.

It was strange. The first recoil wave of the shock caused by this tidings broke into foam and fury against Noémie. Jean del' Peyra did not think of his loss, of the ruin of his home, of the sufferings of his people, but of Noémie laughing, making light of these things.

It was strange. Instead of striking spurs into his steed's flank and galloping forward to the scene of desolation, involuntarily, unconsciously, he turned his horse's head round, so that he faced the far-off Gageac, and with set teeth and flashing eye and lowering brow, wiped his lips with the sleeve of his right arm—wiped them not once nor twice, but many times, as to wipe off and wipe away for ever the sensation, the taint, the fire that had been kindled there by the kisses he had received.

Then only did he wheel his horse about and gallop—where galloping was possible—down the valley of the Beune. The Beune is a stream rather than a river, that flows into the Vézère. It has a singular quality: so charged are the waters with lime that they petrify, or rather encrust, the roots of all plants growing in the morass through which they flow, by this means forming dams for itself, which it gradually surmounts to form others. The original bottom of the ravine must be at a considerable depth under the flat marsh of living and dead waterweed, of active and paralysed marsh plants, of growing and petrified moss that encumbers it, and extends to the very faces of the rocks.

At the present day a road laboriously constructed, and where it crossed the valley perpetually sinking and perpetually renovated, gives access to the springs of the Beune. It was not so in the fifteenth century. Then a track lay along the sides where the ground was solid—that is to say, where it consisted of rubble from the hill-sides; but where the marsh reached the abrupt walls of cliff, there the track clambered up the side of the valley, and surmounted the escarpments.

Consequently progress in former ages in that part was not as facile as it is at present.

Jean was constrained speedily to relax the pace at which he was proceeding.

As long as he was in forest and rough place he was secure: the brigands did not care to penetrate, at all events at nightfall, into out-of-the-way places, and where they might fall into ambuscades.

It was otherwise when he came to where the Beune distilled from its sponge of moss into the rapidly flowing Vézère. Here was a great amphitheatre of scarped sides of rock, all more or less honeycombed with habitations and refuges.

Here, on his left-hand side, looking north, scowling over the pleasant and smiling basin of the Vézère, was the castle of the Great Guille. It consisted of a range of caves or overhanging ledges of rock, the faces of which had been built up with walls, windows, and crenelations, and a gate-house had been constructed to command the only thread of a path by which the stronghold could be reached.

From this castle watch was kept, and no one could ascend or descend the valley unobserved. Jean was on the same bank as the fortress of Guille, though considerably above it. He must cross the river, and to do this, ascend it to the ford.

He moved along carefully and watchfully. The dusk of evening concealed his movements, and he was able, unnoticed, or at all events unmolested, to traverse the Vézère and pass on the further side of the river down stream, in face of the strong place of Le Gros Guille.

A couple of leagues further down was a hamlet, or rather village, called Le Peuch Ste. Soure, clustered at the foot of a cliff or series of cliffs that rose out of a steep incline of rubble. The houses were gathered about a little church dedicated to Ste. Soure. The white crags above were perforated with habitations. A scent of fire was in the air, and in the gloaming Jean could see the twinkle of sparks running, dying out, reappearing where something had been consumed by flames, but was still glowing in places, and sparks were wandering among its ashes. As he drew nearer he heard wailing, and with the wailing voices raised in cursing.

A sickness came on the lad's heart; he knew but too well what this all signified—desolation to many homes, ruin to many families.

"Hold! Who goes?"

"It is I—Jean del' Peyra."

"Well—pass. You will find your father. He is with the Rossignols."

Jean rode on. There were tokens of confusion on all sides. Here a rick was smouldering, and there a house was wrecked, the door broken, and the contents of the dwelling thrown out in the way before it. Pigs that had escaped from their stytes ran about rooting after food, and dogs snarled and carried off fragments of meat. A few peasants were creeping about timidly, but, alarmed at the appearance in their midst of a man on horseback, and unable in the dusk to distinguish who he was, they fled to conceal themselves. Jean leaped from his horse, hitched it up, and strode on, with beating heart and bounding pulse, to a house which he knew was that of the Rossignols.

He entered the door. A light shone through the low window. It was characteristic of the times that in every village and hamlet the windows—the only windows—were so turned inwards on a street or yard that they revealed no light at night when a candle was kindled or a fire burned brightly on the hearth, lest the light should betray to a

passing marauder the presence of a house which might be looted.

Jean bowed his head and entered at the low door. The fire was flashing in the large open chimney. A bundle of vine faggots had been thrown on, and the light filled the chamber with its orange glare.

By this light Jean saw a bed with a man lying on it; and a woman crying, beating her head and uttering wild words—her children clinging to her, sobbing, frightened, imploring her to desist.

Erect, with a staff in his hand, stood a grey-headed, thick-bearded man, with dark eyes shadowed under heavy brows.

He turned sharply as the lad entered.

"Hah! Jean, you are back. It is well. It is well you were not here this day earlier. If they had taken you, there would have been a heavy ransom to pay, by the Holy Napkin of Cadouin! And how to redeem those already taken I know not."

"What has been done to Rossignol, father?" asked Jean, going to the bed.

"What will be done to the rest unless the ransom be forthcoming in fourteen days. They have left him thus, to show us what will be the fate of the seven others."

"Seven others, father?"

"Aye; they have taken off seven of the men of Ste. Soure. We must find the ransom, or they will send them back to us, even after the fashion of this poor man."

"Is he dead, father?"

The man lying on the bed moved, and, raising himself on his elbow, said—

"Young master, I am worse than dead. Dead, I would be no burden. Living, I shall drag my darlings underground with me."

Then the woman, frantic with grief, turned on her knees, threw up her hands, and uttered a stream of mingled prayer and imprecation—prayer to Heaven and prayer to Hell; to Heaven to blast and torture the destroyers of her house, to Hell to hear her cry if Heaven were deaf. It was not possible for Jean to learn details from her in this fury and paroxysm. He drew his father outside the door and shut it.

"Father," said he, "tell me what has taken place. It was Le Gros Guille, was it not?"

"Aye, Le Gros Guille. We did not know he was in his church, we thought he was in Domme, and would be occupied there, and we gave less heed and kept less close watch. You see there were, we knew or supposed, but three men in the church, and so long as they were supplied with food and wine, we had little fear. But we had not reckoned right on Guille. He came back in the night with a score of men, and they rushed down on us; they crossed the river during the day, when the men were in the fields and about their work, and the women and children alone in the houses. When it was seen that the *routiers* were coming, then the church bell was rung, but we had little or no time to prepare; they were on us and in every house, breaking up the coffers, sacking the closets."

"Did they get into Le Peuch, father?"

"No; when we heard the bell, then we shut the gates and barricaded; but there were not four men in the castle, myself included. What could we do? We could only look on and witness the destruction; and one of the men in the castle was Lieming Gaston, who was no good at all; and another was Blind Bartholomew, who could not see an enemy and distinguish him from a friend. When the men in the fields heard the bell, they came running home, to save what might be saved; but it was too late. The ruffians were there robbing, maltreating, and they took them as they came on—seven of them—and bound their hands behind them, and these they have carried off. They have burned the stack of corn of Jean Grano. The wife of Müssidan was baking. They have carried off all her loaves, and when she entreated them to spare some they swore at another word they would throw one of her babes into the oven. They have ransacked every house, and spoiled what they could not carry away. And the rest of the men, when they saw how those who came near Ste. Soure were taken, fled and hid themselves. Some of the women, carrying their children, came up the steep slope before the *routiers* arrived, and we received them into the castle; but others remained, hoping to save some of their stuff, and not thinking that the enemy was so nigh. So they were beaten to tell where any money was hidden. The wife of Drax—she has had her soles so cut with vine-rods that she cannot walk; but she was clever—she told where some old Roman coins were hid in a pot, and not where were her silver livres of French money."

"How long were they here?"

"I cannot tell, Jean. It seemed a century. It may have been an hour."

"They have carried off seven men."

"Yes, to Domme, or to the church. I cannot say where. And we must send the ransom in fourteen days, or Le Gros Guille swears he will return them all to us, tied on the backs of mules, treated as he has treated Rossignol. He said he left us Rossignol as a refresher."

"But what has he done to Rossignol?"

"Hamstrung him. He can never walk again. From his thighs down he is powerless—helpless as a babe in arms."

Jean uttered an exclamation of horror.

"Father, there must be an end put to these things! We must rouse the country."

"We must pay the ransom first, or all those poor fellows will be sent back to us like as is Rossignol."

"Let us go into the house," said Jean, and threw open the door. "We must do something for these unhappy creatures."

"Aye," said his father, "and something must be done to save seven other houses from being put in the same condition. Where shall we get the money?"

"We will consider that presently—first to this man."

A strange spectacle met their eyes when they re-entered the house of the Rossignols.

The woman had suspended something dark to a crook in the ceiling, had brought glowing ashes from the hearth, and had placed them in a circle on the floor below this dark object, and had spilled tallow over the red cinders, and the tallow having melted, had become ignited, so that a

flicker of blue flame shot about the ring, and now and then sent up a jet of yellow flame like a long tongue that licked the suspended object. The woman held back her children, and in one hand she had a long steel pin or skewer, with a silver head to it, wherewith she had been wont to fasten up her hair. She had withdrawn this from her head, and all her black hair was flowing about her face and shoulders.

"See!" yelled she, and the glitter of her eyes was terrible. "See! it is the heart of Le Gros Guillem. I will punish him for all he has done to me. This for my man's nerves that he has cut." She made a stab with her pin at the suspended object, which Jean and his father now saw was a bullock's heart. "This for all the woe he has brought on me!" She stabbed again. "See, see, my children, how he twists and tosses! Ha! ha! Gros Guillem, am I paining you? Do you turn to escape me? Do I strike spasms of terror into your heart? Ha! ha! the Rossignol is a song-bird, but her beak is sharp."

Jean caught the woman's hand.

"Stand back!" he cried, "this is devilry. This will bring you to the stake."

"What care I—so long as I torture and stab and burn Le Gros Guillem! And who will denounce me for harming him? Will the Church—which he has pillaged? Will you—whom he has robbed? Let me alone—see—see how

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The newspapers have been excited of late days over what is announced as "a new cure for tuberculosis." Now that Koch's tubercle-cure has been relegated to the laboratory and to surgical uses, apart from its claims to be regarded as a remedy for tuberculosis (of the lungs especially), people are being warned against putting their trust in the newly discovered agent. This latter caution has in it something both of right and of wrong. There is great wisdom in waiting to see if any reality exists in the case of any new remedy which is announced as a cure for a grave disease. Such patience is necessary in order that people may not be grossly and grievously disappointed in the event of scientific experience refusing to give to the remedy the imprimatur of success. But there is another side to the matter. When the medical and other journals warn us against accepting the cure as a decisive and guaranteed one, and regret its premature announcement in the daily press, we must protest against any attempt to Burke research of perfectly legitimate kind.

The new cure, for details of which several correspondents inquire, may be described as that which advocates the treatment of tuberculosis by the serum of the ass. The

Guinea-pigs are eminently susceptible to the attack of the tubercle-germ. No animals are more readily inoculated with the fell disorder. Accordingly, Dr. Viquerat sought to substantiate his researches by the attempt to cure guinea-pigs which had been inoculated with the tubercle poison. It is related that all of the animals save one thus infected recovered, and were rendered insusceptible of being re-infected by treatment with the serum of the ass. The guinea-pig which died was allowed to continue without treatment until the ninth week of the disease. It died at the end of the eighteenth week, but showed, on examination, the remarkable fact that not a single tubercle-bacillus remained in its system. This result would seem to show the power of the ass's serum to check the tubercle growth even when recovery was hopeless from the changes which the disease had set up in the various organs of the frame. A list of some twenty-five cases of human tuberculosis treated by Dr. Viquerat's remedy is also given in the report. Twelve cases are still under treatment, and are said, with two exceptions, to show "a good prospect of recovery." Out of the remaining thirteen, twelve are said to be "absolutely cured, and have resumed their occupations." As I have said, nobody at this stage of matters can pronounce Dr. Viquerat's investigations to be of complete character. Time alone can show its reality or the reverse.



"This for my man's nerves that he has cut!"

the flames burn him! Ha! ha! Le Gros Guillem! Am I swinging you! Dance, dance in fire! Swing, swing in anguish! For my children this!" and she stabbed at the heart again.

The woman was mad with despair and hate and terror. Jean stood back, put his hand to his mouth, and said with a groan—

"My God! would Noémi were here!"

"In Nomine Beelzebub!" shrieked the woman, and struck the heart down into the melted flaming fat on the floor.

(To be continued.)

The first of the autumnal flood of new journals is Mr. F. A. Atkins's *The New Age*. It starts under auspicious prospects, for its editor managed very quickly to succeed with his magazines, titled respectively the *Young Man*, the *Young Woman*, and the *Home Messenger*. There are sixteen pages in the *New Age*, exclusive of a supplement, with narrow columns. A short story by that prolific author, the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, interviews with "Edna Lyall" and Mr. Benjamin Kidd, a sermon by Canon Scott Holland, a chat on books by Katharine Tynan, and a page of "Current Chat" with some really fresh news are leading features of the first number. The magazine promises to fulfil its alliterative claim to be a weekly record of Christian culture, social service, and literary life. Its price is one penny.

serum is the liquid part of the blood. The ass has been found to be singularly resistant to tubercle-attack. It is practically immune from attacks by the tubercle bacillus, and this quality, it is held, may be conveyed to the serum of the animal, which in turn can be used as a means of cure for the human patient. Dr. Sinclair Coghill, who has supplied details regarding this new cure, remarks on the reputation ass's milk has enjoyed in the treatment of wasting diseases, and there is no doubt that the milk is extremely nutritious, although it is doubtful whether any special anti-tubercular properties can be claimed for it. A report on the ass-serum treatment has been prepared by a medical professor at Geneva, the advocate and author of the cure being Dr. A. Viquerat, who also hails from the Swiss city. He has been a pupil of Dr. Koch, and is necessarily familiar with bacteriological research. It appears to be for chronic cases that the ass-serum treatment is held to be most applicable. Tubercle bacilli injected directly into the veins of the animal, and beneath the skin, produce certain effects which really represent the beginnings of tubercle-attack, but which are speedily checked. In the serum of the ass's blood there is found, according to Dr. Viquerat, the special substance which, as the result of the tubercle-inoculation, has disposed of the germs. The serum has, in fact, developed a poisonous effect on the bacilli, and in this light, and by reasoning from analogy, that serum may be presumed to be capable of exercising a like effect on the germs of tuberculosis where man is affected.

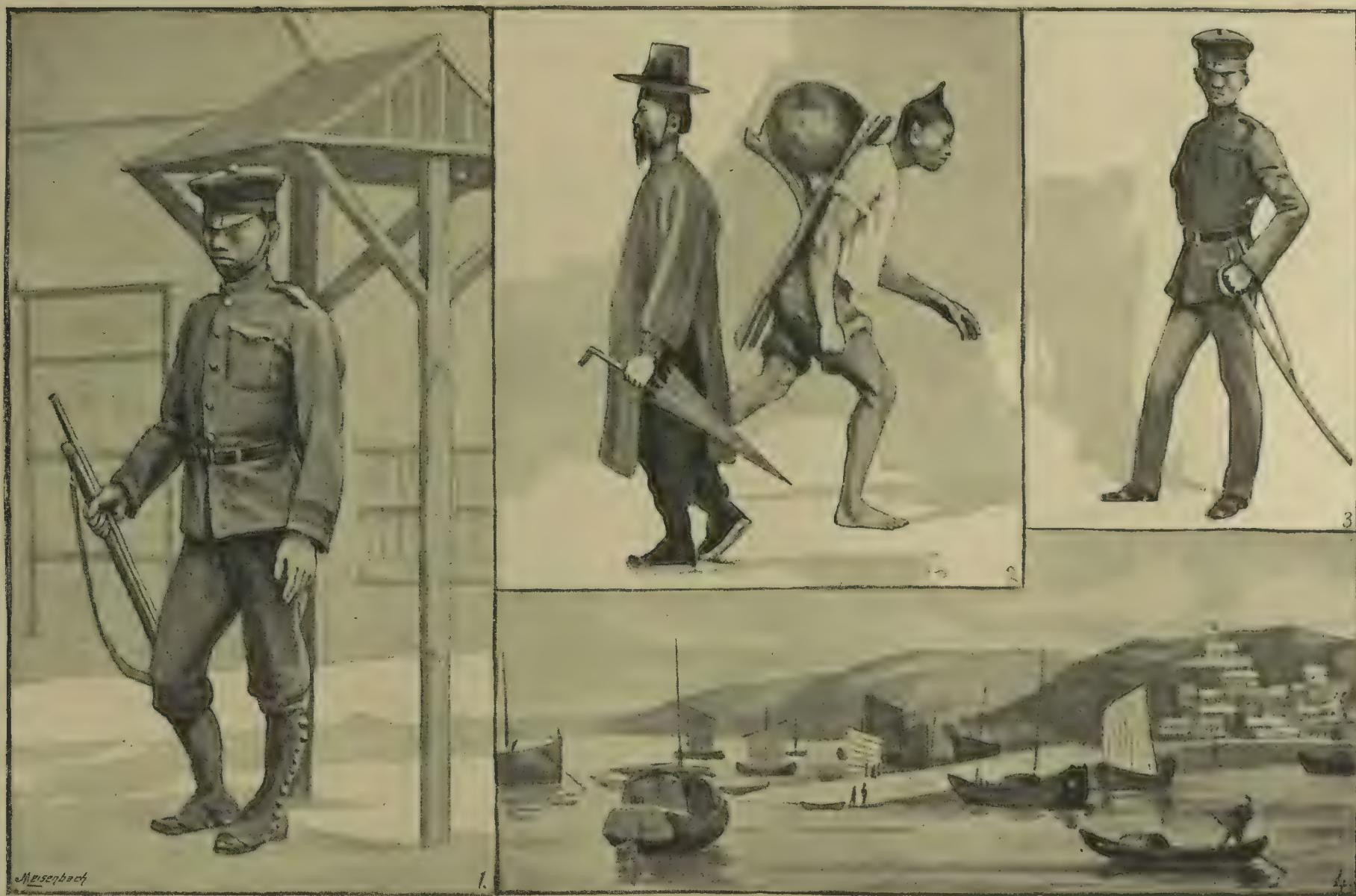
I have been reading an interesting paper on "Snake-poison," by Dr. W. Halliburton, published in *Science Progress* for September last. The difficulties of investigation into the nature of the action of snake-poison on the body are notorious, because the action of one variety of poison differs from that exerted by the poison of another snake. No doubt there are certain likenesses existing between the venoms found in the snake-class. Dr. Halliburton thinks the venom operates by producing disintegration or breaking up of the cells which line the blood-vessels. In its action it resembles a curious product called nucleo-albumin, which is a nitrogenous body combined with nuclein, a substance rich in phosphorus. The action of snake-poison was formerly believed, and, indeed, still is believed, by many persons to be connected with depriving the blood-elements of the power of absorbing the necessary oxygen from the lungs. Whether the venom has any influence on the white blood-corpuscles, these wonderful sanitary agents of ours, Dr. Halliburton adds is at least doubtful. They become massed together, however, under the influence of the venom. It is clear that the subject of snake-poison bears a close relation to the topic of the coagulation of blood, on the one hand, and to poisoning by the action of certain putrid or nitrogenous matters on the other. Concurrently with these researches we may hope for definite information regarding a cure for snake-bite itself. If we have regard to the mostly fatal, and in any case serious, nature of snake-bite, we may well wish that this latter expectation may be speedily realised.



THE THIRD VOLUME.

Drawn by Alfred Johnson.

THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA.



1. Japanese private on guard over stores.

2. Corean farmer and coolie.

3. Japanese officer.

4. The landing-place at Chemulpo.

SKETCHES IN JAPAN AND COREA.



THE COAST NEAR CHEMULPO.

From Sketches by Mr. W. G. Littlejohn, of H.M.S. "Centurion,"

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

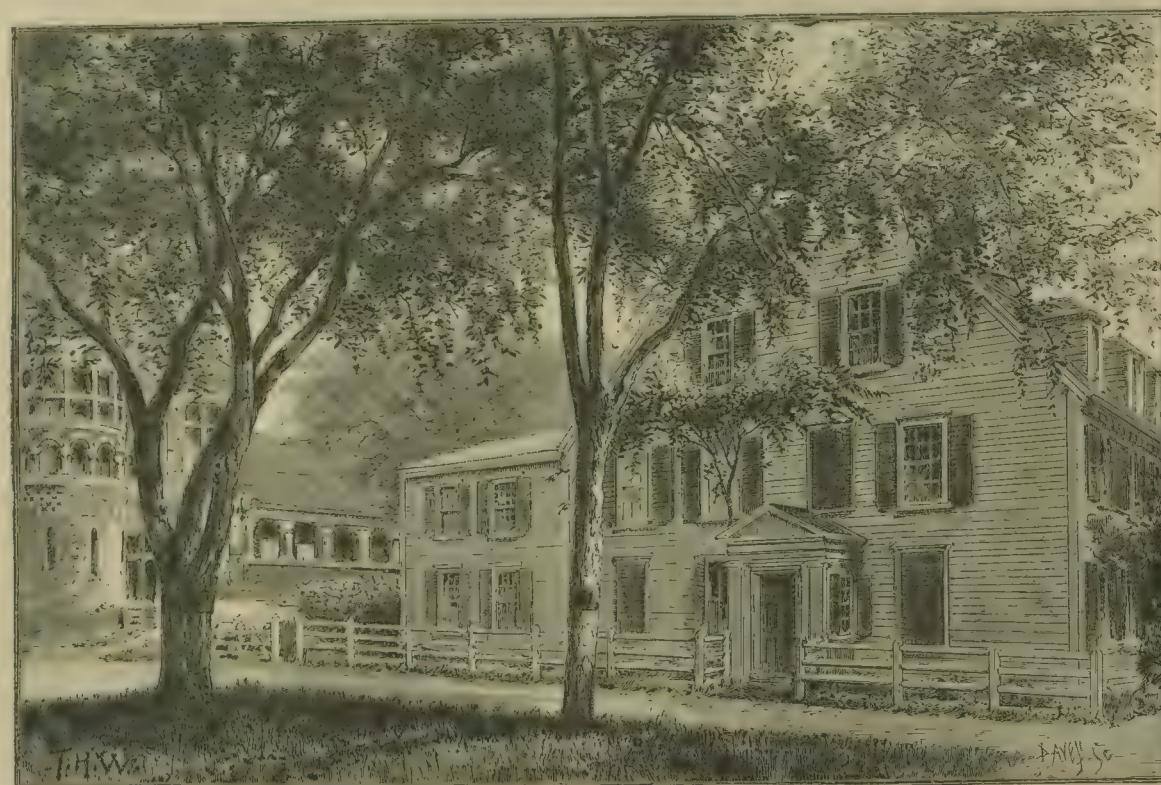
The death of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes removes the one surviving figure in American literature which has interest for the generation that is no longer young. To Englishmen and women of thirty and upwards the American authorship which includes among its figures Emerson and Lowell, Whittier and Holmes, had an inspiration and a helpfulness quite apart from any judgment which might be pronounced upon its intrinsic literary qualities. It, quite as much as anything in our own literature, formed the youth of the last generation and gave it much of the spiritual impulse and intellectual strenuousness it possessed. Of this group Holmes was certainly the wittiest and most cheery spirit. Those who remember the man in his later days are able to think of him exactly as their fathers thought of him forty years ago, when "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" first appeared. They knew him in his house in Beacon Street, Boston, as their fathers knew him from his books: as a bright and charming companion. With what generosity and kindness would he talk about the men of whom he had been a contemporary—the men who, like Emerson and Longfellow, had gone before him! And with equal feeling and generosity would he talk of the young men who were coming—the men who were going to make the future of literature, as he had helped to make its past.

That he studied medicine for a time is obvious to readers of those "medicated" novels, as he called them, which have still an attraction for a large multitude. There are many who still think "Elsie Venner" a great novel; certainly, it opens up an interesting problem. To notice all his works is no light task; the dozen or so volumes which have been issued by the Riverside Press by no means represent the whole of his literary achievement. "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1857, and was followed by "The Professor" in 1860 and "The Poet" in 1872. Naturally, with a man who had made a hit in a certain literary form, there was a gradual deterioration in "The Professor" and "The Poet," which reached a further stage of failure when the Doctor afterwards wrote "The New Portfolio" and "Over the Teacups." At least two volumes of the dozen we have named are occupied with poetry, or, at any rate, verse, and the lines which linked him with the past, and which we reproduce in these columns in facsimile, were written by him in gift-copies of books for the many friends who visited him, even up to the day of his death. And some of his lines have become part of our ordinary and current conversation. "The Last Leaf," "The Height of the Ridiculous," and "The Last Reader" have become sufficiently hackneyed; while "Old Ironsides" and "The Chambered Nautilus" have found a place in most "selections."

When all is said about the ephemeral character of American literature, when one has weighed the poetry of Longfellow in the scale and judged most of it as somewhat commonplace, when one has seen that the "Fables for Critics" and the "Biglow Papers" are the production of a day, and that even the exquisite essays of Emerson are not for all time, we may yet have a shrewd suspicion that

our day! The young man John and the Poor Relation are as much a part of humorous literature as Uncle Toby and Pickwick.

Dr. Holmes was born at Cambridge, Mass., on Aug. 29, 1809: it was interesting to him, as to all of us, that he was born in the same year as Mr. Gladstone and the late Lord Tennyson. He was a student at Harvard, and spent the



THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE LATE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, AT CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

among all American books, next to the novels of Hawthorne the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" is the one that is destined best to live. What a boon it has been to the readers of the past thirty years or so, in its brightness, its cheerfulness, its chatty intellectuality! Nothing else that Dr. Holmes wrote can for a moment compare with it, and to have written nothing but this one book is to have stamped one's name on the page of literary history. How poor it makes to seem the imitative stuff which has passed under the title of the New Humour of

greater part of his later life in Boston, and at Beverley, his country house, so that it may be said that the whole of his eighty-five years were passed within a radius of a few miles, but in a district, it may be added, which has to those interested in literature a charm belonging to no other portion of America. Longfellow and Lowell lived not far off, and by their side in that classic New England cemetery he whom the whole English-speaking race mourns to-day as for a personal friend will doubtless be buried.



THE STUDY OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, AT HIS HOUSE IN BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

When Quentin Durward encountered Dunois, without the least idea that he was fighting the most renowned swordsman in France, and when he came unshamed out of the fray, it was remarked by one of his countrymen that there was "some good Scottish handwriting" on the French knight's armour. At this particular season of the year one does not expect to see this warlike calligraphy in the reviews. There must be a truce sometimes to swashing blows, and October is the likeliest month for hanging up weapons and exchanging the breastplate for the comfortable jerkin. And yet I find the sturdy Scottish hand in more than one article. Cabinet Ministers who thought they had a breathing space reckoned without Mr. Frederick Greenwood, Mr. St. Loe Strachey, and even Mr. Justin McCarthy. Mr. Greenwood, in the *New Review*, has discovered the most disastrous omen in the naval manœuvres off the Irish coast. They prove to his mind that in a war with France our fleets will be destroyed, our food-supplies cut off, and our independence placed at the mercy of the invader. Mr. Greenwood reminds us that the declaration of war on the Irish coast was made on Friday, and the whole business finished on Sunday by the British ships which represented the possible enemy. Well, if France declared war next Friday, on the Sunday following we should all be reckoning our contributions towards a crushing indemnity. I have a vague recollection that the sham fight near Belfast was described by eye-witnesses as a more than usually unconvincing specimen of the naval figment. Ships which must have ceased to exist in actual combat went on triumphantly blazing blank cartridge. It has been said of British troops that they never know when they are beaten; but in a sham battle it is a disadvantage, from a scientific point of view, never to know when you are dead. However, this does not affect Mr. Greenwood's opinion that the victory which was won by Britons and blank cartridge at Belfast would be repeated by a French fleet from Brest or Toulon in exactly the same place between Friday and Sunday; and he laments the supine indifference of public judgment to this certain catastrophe. Then Mr. St. Loe Strachey, having exposed in the *Nineteenth Century* the strangely multifarious personality of Lord Rosebery, writes in the *National Review* a chapter of future history describing how Ireland lost Home Rule. The Parliament on College Green and the nominal Irish Executive became nonentities, the direction of affairs having passed into the hands of "invisible" rulers who were voted handsome salaries. They proceeded to form an army out of the Constabulary, and a navy out of a line of steamers between Cork and Cherbourg, and, abetted by a French Consul-General who played remarkable pranks in Dublin, they were on the point of striking a blow for an Irish Republic when the British Government secured the neutrality of France by humiliating concessions in Africa, suddenly landed an army corps in Ireland, and finished off Home Rule and disruption in one pitched battle at a cost of ninety millions sterling. I don't quite understand the figures, but it is clear that Mr. Strachey's arithmetic takes the shine out of Mr. Greenwood's indemnity. As if this were not enough Mr. Justin McCarthy shakes his mane in the *New Review* and says that the Nationalists are almost angry with the Government. Since the curate in the play threatened his tormentors with "a good hard knock," there has been no such blood-curdling spectacle.

After this it is a relief to get into the atmosphere of country houses with Mr. E. F. Benson, who gently reproves hostesses in the *New Review* for their thoughtlessness in the arrangement of house parties. One hospitable but careless soul actually invited at the same time a particular man and a particular girl who had been engaged and had quarrelled only six months before. In such a dilemma I hope some guest would have the presence of mind to create a strong diversion by reading Mr. Justin McCarthy's article aloud at breakfast. As a rival sensation this would be more successful, I imagine, than the "Character Note" in *Cornhill* on the inevitable New Woman, who in this case calls herself a woman, while her mother is "content to be called a lady." I cannot recommend the distinction as a subject of conversation to hide the unhappy composition of a country house party; but there is plenty of room for colloquial tangents in Mr. W. S. Lilly's comparison in the *New Review* between the aims of Socialism and those of the Catholic Church. There are some pleasing contrasts, too, in Mr. Frederick Harrison's article in the *Fortnightly* on the architecture of Paris, and a paper in *Blackwood* on the social aspects of that city. But I demur to the assertion of Maga that the art of lounging in the Paris streets is "extinct." There are practitioners I wot of who rather pride themselves on their conjugation of the delightful verb *flâner*. The artistic lounger in London ought to be stimulated by Mr. Joseph Pennell's drawings

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the Spring,
Let them smile as I do now.
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.
1831. 1893.

Oliver Wendell Holmes
Boston Aug 12th 1893

FACSIMILE OF HANDWRITING BY THE LATE DR. O. W. HOLMES



RESIDENCE OF THE LATE DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
WHERE HE DIED, OCTOBER 7, 1891.

in the *Pall Mall Magazine* of the region which lies about Villiers Street. The same periodical has a powerful story by Mrs. Clifford, on a theme which may be respectfully submitted to a certain type of British husband. But why does Mr. Gosse, who is a pretty hand at verse-making, lament that he was not one of those bygone rhymers with the "godlike" privilege of writing ill? Nowadays, it appears, the poet is so desperately fastidious that he dare not essay a bold flight lest he derange his feathers; so he sits and plumes himself on a perch, cooing an occasional stave and afraid to be "bad" and mad. Yet I trow there is sterner stuff in the gentle Edmund. Another detective in the *English Illustrated*! He is a marvellous man for drawing conclusions, and knows a forger by the yellowness of his finger-tips, which have been dipped in illicit acid. This sort of acuteness is repeating itself a little too often. Mr. Stanley Weyman has begun in this magazine a new series of entertaining intrigues in the fascinating times of Henri Quatre. Mrs. Hinkson throws a new light on Irish courtship, and there are agreeable contributions by Gilbert Parker, Miss Dorothy Leighton, Mr. Robert Barr, Mr. J. M. Bulloch, and "Q." But the most striking short story of the month is "Salvation Gap" in *Harper's*, by Owen Winter, a piece of work which recalls Bret Harte at his best.

L. F. AUSTIN.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Rev. E. Hoskyns has declined the Vicarage of Newcastle-on-Tyne, on the ground that duty points to a continuance of his work in the East-End of London.

The S.P.C.K. has sent out the annual report of its work. The sales of books are £1941 less than last year, but this falling off is in Bibles, prayer-books, &c. The number of bound books other than these sold during the year amounts to 6,857,307, being considerably more than half a million in excess of the sales of the previous year.

I notice with regret the death of the Rev. J. C. Jenkins, chaplain of the Church of the Resurrection, Brussels. Mr. Jenkins was an excellent preacher and a very amiable man. The Jenkins family have been long associated with Brussels, and some of them remember the residence there of Charlotte and Emily Brontë.

The Rev. C. H. Grueber, of St. James's, Hambridge, is dead. He wrote several treatises on Catholic doctrine and ritual.

Canon Wilberforce somewhat angrily denies that he has altered the ritual of St. John's, Westminster. He says he has not changed it in one single particular.

A writer in a Church paper surveys the ecclesiastical position of Exeter. It seems that Exeter has more churches in proportion to its population than any other place in the kingdom. There are 47,000 inhabitants, and twenty-one churches. Norwich has 88,000 inhabitants and thirty-five churches. In the Cathedral the eastward position has been established, and the Bishop conforms to this use when he celebrates there. One of the suburban clergy, the Rev. J. F. Sheldon, is a son-in-law of Mr. Petter, of the great Cassell firm. As regards education, the Church is said to be considerably in the ascendant.

In Mr. Froude's new work on Erasmus, he quotes the following words of his speech on the clergy of the day: "They chant nowadays in our churches in what is an unknown tongue and nothing else, while you will not hear a sermon once in six months telling people to amend their lives." Mr. Froude appends the inquiry, "Was Erasmus writing prophetically of our own Anglo-Catholic revivalists?" This will probably be admitted by all parties to be unjust. The Anglo-Catholic movement has been moral as well as religious.

The Archbishops of Canterbury and York have in their hands the appointment of the Provostship of Trinity College, Toronto. This is one of the most important positions in the Canadian Church.

There seems to be a regrettable feeling of bitterness at present between Protestants and Roman Catholics in Quebec. Disgraceful attacks have been made upon Baptist and Salvation Army Missions. A secret society called the Protestant Protective Association has been formed, aiming at the exclusion of all Roman Catholics from public offices.

The meetings of the Baptist Union have been held at Newcastle with great success, very large audiences attending the different gatherings. The feature of the proceedings was a sermon by the Rev. John Watson, of Liverpool, who, under a pseudonym, Ian Maclaren, has published a striking volume of Scotch stories, "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

Another Nonconformist religious paper has been started under the title of the *New Age*. It promises well. The announcement is made in its pages that a sister of the well-known Wesleyan preacher, the Rev. Hugh Price-Hughes, is to be married to a son of Prebendary Webb Peploe.

The *Daily Chronicle* has commenced a series of articles apropos of the coming contest of the School Board for London. It has entitled them "The Sin of Diggleism." According to the first article, the religious controversy was founded on

a statement made in the *Guardian* to the following effect. Mr. Coxhead wrote in the issue for Nov. 16, 1892: "I have been, this morning, present in one of these Board schools during the *first* *re* examination of the children by the teachers. In the first room which I entered, I heard these questions: 'What was the name of the mother of Jesus?' 'What was the name of the father?' Every child that the teacher called upon answered, 'Joseph.' Not a word was said to imply the existence of His Divine nature. The teacher was the head mistress of an infants' department."

One notes with regret that the Rev. Stephen Gladstone is again in ill-health. He is staying at Colwyn Bay.

The usual sermon preached before the Congregational Union of England and Wales was this year delivered by the Rev. Alfred Rowland, of Crouch End.

Dr. Parker alluded, on Oct. 7, to Cardinal Vaughan's declarations as to the Roman Catholic doctrines of Transubstantiation and the Real Presence. There were Protestants by name, said Dr. Parker, who were more mischievous than honest Roman Catholics. He who perpetrated Popery under a Protestant name, and lived in the perpetration of his Popery upon Protestant men, was, in his view, a thief and a traitor.

V.

THE CRISIS IN MADAGASCAR.

From Photographs supplied by General Willoughby.



ANTANANARIVO FROM THE NORTH.



WATERFALL, NORTH-WEST COAST.

THE CRISIS IN MADAGASCAR

From Photographs supplied by General Willoughby.



PRIME MINISTER'S HOUSE.



QUEEN'S RESIDENCE, ANTANANARIVO.

THE CRISIS IN MADAGASCAR.

Those in intimate relationship with Madagascar have seen a crisis simmering in that picturesque and far-away island for some time back. With the dispatch by the French Government of M. de Vilars on a special mission to the Hovas, the crisis may be said more or less to have arrived. The reason of the trouble, although its development has extended over years, is as simple as the result of it is difficult to forecast. As a *quid pro quo* for the recognition by France of our protectorate over Zanzibar, we recognised a French protectorate over Madagascar. The Zanzibaris accepted our protectorate, and have been getting along very well under it; but the Hovas will have nothing to do with their French protectorate. Instead of having merely a shadowy protectorate over Madagascar—shadowy since the native Government declines to recognise it—France wants to have a real, thorough protectorate, making, perhaps, for even more, and M. de Vilars' mission is towards that end. If the Hovas decline to have anything to say to the proposals he carries in his pocket—and it is said they will so decline—then it remains to be seen what turn events will take.

Perhaps Madagascar, although she has several times come up in the counsels of nations, has never been quite so interesting as she threatens to become now. Of her peoples, all making a single nation under Ranavalomanjaka III. (Ranavalon Queen), the Hovas are the leading and governing unit. Hence, in speaking of the Malagasy, we have got into the habit of merely saying the Hovas. There was, of course, some fighting between the French and the Hovas a while ago, and it seems to be generally accepted that recently the Hovas have been organising and arming, in view of the possibility of a more extensive struggle. In some measure, at all events, the army has had the advantage of the teaching of English officers, and to the man at the head of it very high abilities indeed are ascribed. He is more than commander-in-chief, for he is the Prime Minister of Madagascar; more than Prime Minister and commander-in-chief together, for he is the husband of the Queen. In fine, Rainilaiarivony is the native



RANAVALOMANJAKA III., QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR.

Another Frenchman has described Queen Ranavalon as a woman of medium height and slender build, with a complexion somewhat darker than that of the ordinary Hova; rather prominent bones in the lower part of the face, jet-black hair, and soft expressive eyes. He added that she got robes occasionally from Worth, but that mostly she preferred to wear the national silk shawl, which the Malagasy call the "lamba." Of Queen Ranavalon and Rainilaiarivony, with Robonoma, perhaps, for a third, we may expect to hear a good deal, if the war-clouds descend in Madagascar.

As to the island itself, about a seventh part of the land is held by English capital, so from that point of view there exists a decided English interest. English, French, German, and American trade are all represented in Madagascar, and probably the Americans do the lion's share of the business, especially in the supply of cloth to the Malagasy. Another phase of our concern which has been remarked upon is the geographical position Madagascar occupies in reference to the sea-route by the Cape to India and the East—the alternative route to the East should the Suez Canal ever fail as a result of war among the Great Powers. The contention on this point is that in the hands of a foreign Power, Madagascar would command the route by the Cape. From what can be gathered, the climate of Madagascar, on many parts of the coast anyhow, is not very suitable to Europeans, but in the interior it is stated to be

very good indeed. Not much has been done as yet to tap the natural resources of the country, but gold-mining has been carried on most successfully, and there can be little doubt that the island is uncommonly rich in a variety of minerals. Sugar, cotton, and tobacco are grown—the last grows wild, which is very fortunate for the chewing propensities of the Malagasy—and an enormous number of cattle, for which larger markets will probably be sought by and by, are raised. As a race the Malagasy are spoken favourably of, and their superstitious rites are said



RAINILAIARIVONY, PRIME MINISTER AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF MADAGASCAR, AND HUSBAND OF THE QUEEN.

Government of Madagascar, and has been so these thirty years. His son Robonoma is close to him in the administration of the public affairs of what somebody has described as a fairly benevolent monarchy.

Ranavalon is not the first Queen of Madagascar to whom Rainilaiarivony has stood in the position of Prince Consort. Out there, it seems to have been advantageous for the Premier to marry the Queen he served, so gathering all the sources of power into his hands. Before combining the positions of Prince Consort and Prime Minister, Rainilaiarivony had already been married to a lady of a Hova family, like himself. By her he had a number of children, of whom Robonoma was one, but by his royal alliances he has had none. Rainilaiarivony is the man with whom M. de Vilars will have to negotiate, and the two have met before, for M. de Vilars is no stranger to Madagascar.

to have mostly been driven out, thanks in some measure, we are told, to the efforts of the Prime Minister. Correspondingly, Madagascar has proved a good field for missionary work and the reception of Christianity, and the Queen and the Prime Minister are both members of the Congregational Church at Antananarivo, the capital.

Our portraits are from photographs kindly lent by Captain E. W. Dawson, who is intimately identified with Madagascar, and who is about to proceed to the island again.

The King of Greece usually makes the best of his summer holidays, and this year is no exception to the rule. After spending a pleasant time at Copenhagen, King George is breaking his journey homewards at three or four places where dwell his royal relatives. It is probable he will visit the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland at Gmunden and the Empress Frederick at Kronberg before setting sail for Athens from Venice. By-the-way, M. Gennadius, who was Greek Minister in this country for some time, has been lately in London renewing acquaintance with his large circle of friends.

It used to be sarcastically said that we should never have an improvement of the railway system until a director was killed. Such a regrettable fatality was narrowly averted in the accident which happened to the Scotch express early on Oct. 4. There was more than one exalted personage in the train, which just escaped an even more alarming experience than befell it. Lord Hindlip, who is a director of one of the leading railway companies, two Cabinet Ministers, a French Duke and Duchess, Mr. F. T. Barry, M.P., not to mention more than one eminent medical man, were passengers in the Pullman car. Happily, to none of them occurred more than a shaking, but the men on the engine received severe injuries. Of course there will be the usual official inquiry, with the usual sequel in a detailed report issued some months after the accident occurred.

There is a piquant sequel to the story of an adventurous American journalist who has recently published a book detailing her experiences as a domestic servant and in other rôles. We have enjoyed her vivacious account from the servant's point of view of life below stairs; now the mistress who engaged the smart journalist has told the world her side of the matter. If a second edition of "Campaigns of Curiosity" is issued, it would be amusing if the mistress's account were incorporated therein, on the principle of *audi alteram partem*.



ROBONOMA, SON OF THE PRIME MINISTER.

AUTHORS ON CRITICS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

By a happy inspiration the *Idler* has sent Mr. Burgin to ask the authors what they think of their critics. When one says "authors," of course one means novelists: "no others," says the public, "need apply." The novelists, in accordance with the laws of human nature, hold very different opinions about their natural enemies. Mr. Besant says, "The critic should be himself a novelist." Mr. Grant Allen says, "As often as not, the man who reviews novels writes novels too." So, as often as not, Mr. Besant gets what he desires, and is reviewed by a novelist. Probably this overstates the case, and probably, again, the novelist who reviews is not one of the supreme heads of modern fiction. A successful novelist cannot afford the time to write reviews, and, again, plain speaking by a novelist about a novelist may be invidious. One would revel in a criticism of "Tess" by—never mind what other master, but, of course, that pleasure can never be enjoyed, nor is it right that we should enjoy it. A great writer could not censure another great writer's book, nor could he, with decency, even "hesitate dislike." The popular author could only review each other when

editor once proposed to A and B, each of them novelists, that they should review each other. A declined, he did not want that kind of advertisement. What B wanted I do not know. I think "Barkis was willin'."

Mr. Besant, and, apparently, Mr. Doyle, hold that the sexes should not review each other's novels. Certainly men and women like very different kinds of work. But it would be hard on a man if Miss Austen, George Eliot, Georges Sand, and Miss Burney were excluded from his critical purview; and, again, how angry would our fair novelists be if only their sisters might sit in judgment on them! A man would prefer never to be reviewed by a woman, but women would be angry if women were their only critics.

Mr. Doyle seems to be pretty well satisfied with his critics. The sentiment is mutual. Mr. Grant Allen, both novelist and critic, thinks that "substantial justice" is done: "most reviewing" (of novels) "is done fairly." There are occasional examples, such as the *Athenaeum* on "The Wrecker" (if I am not mistaken), which open the eyes of astonishment and indignation. These cases are rare. Miss Corelli, on the other hand, sees in criticism of romances nothing but incompetence and favouritism. She is good enough to mention a few "logrollers," including

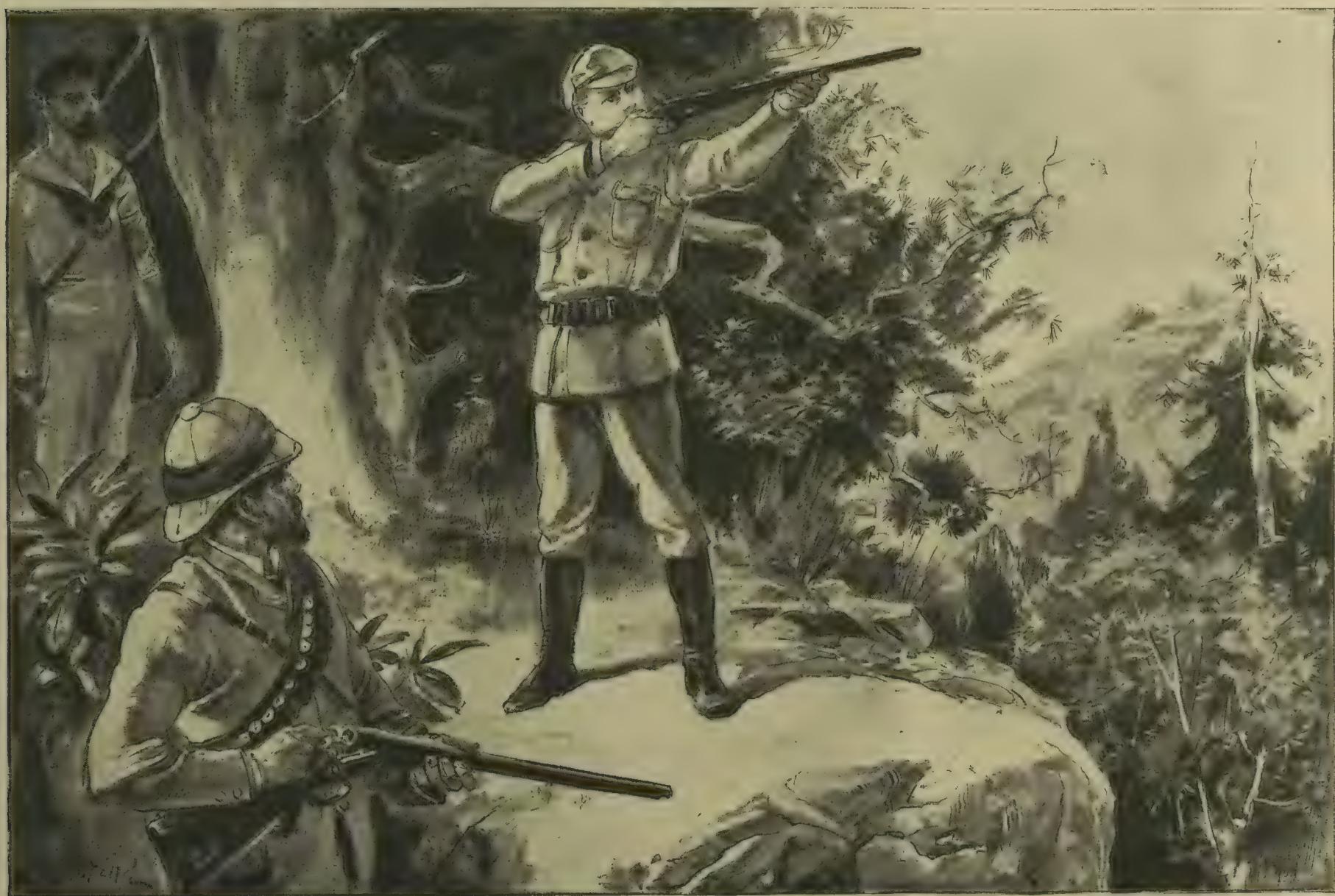
it is equal in all respects to the famous and classical vintages; nevertheless, it is admirable ginger-beer. And, luckily, we have now, in addition to vintage novelists, plenty of romancers whose ginger-beer is brisk, wholesome, cool, and refreshing. Let us, then, who are critics proclaim the merits of the tap, especially when we have so many samples of bad Hamburg sherry in the market.

On the whole, compared with other authors, novelists are very lucky. No special knowledge of facts is, as a rule, needed by their reviewers. But a wretch who writes a book in reviewing which special knowledge is wanted by a critic either meets ignorant judges, or a judge who knows much more than the author does, or who can seem to know much more. Such is life, as it often seems to the irritable race.

SHOOTING IN ALBANIA.

Land of Albania, let me bend mine eyes
On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men!

Byron's exclamation at sight of the mountainous seacoast of that country, where he met with scenes and people whose romantic aspect gave a half-Oriental barbaric tinge to many of his narrative poems, was echoed by other



A DAY'S SHOOTING ON THE SHORE OF ALBANIA.

they were able to bestow unmixed praise. If one may judge by the spoken criticism of novelists on novelists, such opportunities would rarely occur. We must abandon this ideal. Sir Frederick Leighton cannot review Mr. Alma-Tadema, and *vise versa*. Then are unsuccessful novelists to be the critics? Would not an unconscious envy appear, or if it did not appear, would it not be suspected?

Possibly the best reviewer of novels would be the man of ample education who, without practice in the art, is fond of the art, and has much reading in the pleasant realms of romance. He could, at least, give comparative reasons for his likes or dislikes; he could tell us how a novel affects him as compared with the tales of the undeniably masters—Fielding, Dumas, Hawthorne, Cervantes, Thackeray, Scott, Miss Austen, Flaubert, Balzac. Such a critic would express a cultivated and experienced judgment. To criticise a dinner a man need not be a cook, and to review a novel he need not be a novelist. The critical temper is one thing, the creative is another. Plenty of good novelists would make very poor critics, and the best critics would probably prove execrable novelists. An artist, when he criticises, does so with his own method and his own ideal before him. M. Bourget would not be a good critic of M. Xavier de Montépin; nor, perhaps, would Mrs. Ward be an ideal reviewer of Miss Braddon, and so on. I remember that an

the peaceful being who pens these lines. The lady seems to be vexed. And yet I do not remember that I ever reviewed this popular author. Do not let her tempt me too far.

Writers can hardly look on the brief notices which are scattered about the papers as criticism. Somebody of late penned a dozen lines on "The Raiders," and, in trying to condense the plot, clearly proved that he had never read the book. The loss was his own; but these short and silly *obiter dictu* are not criticism. The mystery is, why do people write and publish them at all? We have, luckily, perhaps a dozen living story-tellers who deserve serious treatment, and who get it occasionally. For the rest, some hasty hack drops a few sentences, which are seldom ill-natured, but are always futile. When anything really good appears, the waters are stirred, and a chorus rises—a Frog Chorus, Miss Corelli may say—in praise of "A Gentleman of France," or whatever it may be. When a man praises a novel highly, he is commonly held to think it a masterpiece, but that may not be his opinion. He is not putting this or that new story on a level with "Esmond," or "Pride and Prejudice," but he is only acknowledging his gratitude for three or four happy hours. Something much under the rank of a masterpiece may give him that enjoyment, if he has a healthy appetite for fiction. When I say that the ginger-beer at the Oval is excellent, I am not saying that

English travellers—by young Benjamin Disraeli, for one—in the third decade of the nineteenth century. Albanian romance, and likewise Greek, Syrian, and Arabian romance, may now be somewhat out of date, but we have reason to believe that parties of sporting yachtsmen or desultory tourists who are, in a leisurely way, "doing" the Mediterranean, or naval or military officers whose leave permits them to loiter a week or two en route to Alexandria or to India, sometimes, after visiting Corfu, go ashore for a day's shooting in that province of the Turkish Empire. And those who still think it worth while to publish a volume of their experiences and observations in foreign lands which Messrs. T. Cook and Sons, and the excursion steamers, and the P. and O. have made easily accessible, often report that they found here and there a fair quantity of small game. The monstrous wild beasts of ancient Etolia and Epirus were killed a long time ago.

Three Wagner concerts are announced to take place at the Queen's Hall in November. The first two will be conducted by Herr Siegfried Wagner, of Bayreuth, and the last by Herr Felix Mottl. Miss Marie Brema, who made such a decided advance in public favour at the Bayreuth Festival, will appear on two of the evenings, and other singers, including Mr. Plunket Greene, have been engaged.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT EXETER.

The Church Congress has gone west again, and found this year a congenial resting-place for the time in the city of Exeter. It has been at Bristol, at Bath, and at Plymouth; but it has not penetrated so far as Devonshire

Atherton, and Trefusis deserve especially to be held in grateful memory.

The civic welcome has not been wanting, and the Mayor (Alderman Domville) has shown that keen interest in the welfare of the gathering which, whether the Mayor be Churchman or Nonconformist, is now universally found.

The Congress sermon was preached, of course, in the Cathedral, where special provision had been made that all might hear and as many as possible see the preacher. The custom of sending the Congress members in detachments to two or three churches, inevitable on some occasions, was here wisely departed from. The Bishop of London occupied the pulpit, and appropriately enough as a former Bishop of Exeter, who had himself presided when the Congress met at Plymouth. The Bishop of Exeter's presidential address gave evidence throughout of his special lines of interest, and revealed the depth of sincerity which has made him a successful follower even of so remarkable a prelate as Bishop Temple. To hear

the opening address

the members gathered in the Victoria Hall; after that the interest was divided between three places of assembly, to which, for the devotional meeting and the closing sermon, by Mr. Welldon, of Harrow, the Cathedral must be added. The separation of the three halls was inconvenient but inevitable.

The Congress held twenty-five sessions, and added to these labours special gatherings for working men and women, as well as excursive dashes into some adjacent towns for other popular meetings. If sometimes the audiences were small Exeter must not be blamed. Congress-goers are a wilful body, and will attend or not as the whim may seize them. Of the subjects for discussion Education once more occupied much ground. It is one of the "hardy annuals" of the Congress programme, and is likely to be while its problems continue so closely to concern Churchmen. The opening of the debate on Elementary Education had fittingly been entrusted to the Bishop of Salisbury, and, possibly with an eye to effect, the committee had invited Mr. Athelstan Riley to appear. Secondary and higher education was not forgotten, one of the Bishop of Durham's sons leading off with a paper on the best treatment of religious instruction in view of the difficulties which in such schools must surround it.

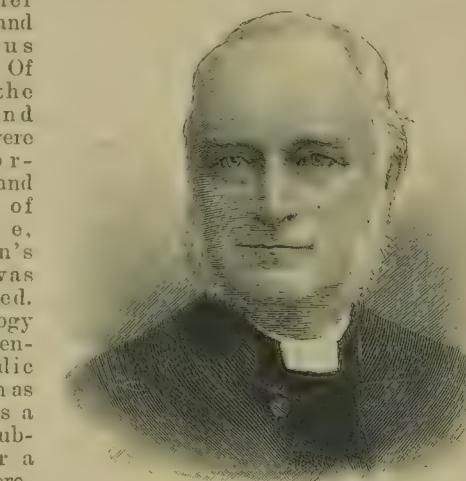
Another "hardy annual" came up in temperance work and legislation, when the Bishop of London and Sir B. W. Richardson were assigned the places of honour. The growing interest in social reform questions was very notably apparent. Old-age pensions, the housing of the poor, the treatment of persons receiving parish relief, brought up one group of specialists; "Morals and Politics," "Morals and Commerce," introduced another; and "The Ethics of Amusements" a third. In a way related to these was the interesting inquiry into Christian ethics as compared with those of other systems, which brought contributions from such experts as the Bishop of Colombo, Dr. Pope, the Rev. F. A. P. Shirreff, and Professor Stanton; and the examination of Christian doctrine in its relation to indifference, agnosticism, and kindred opinions. In personalities this was one of the most interesting platforms of all, for it included Mr. R. H. Hutton and Canon Body, with three "rising" young men in Mr. Alexander, of the Temple Church, Mr. Winnington-Ingram, of the Oxford House, and Mr. Ronald Bayne, Canon Barnett's old curate and successor at Whitechapel. A Church Congress which shirked Biblical criticism would feel that it had lost an opportunity. At Exeter they went upon the "happy family" principle, combining the Bishop of Gibraltar, Canon Driver, Professor Ryle, Professor Sanday, and the Rev. J. J. Lias. Questions of ecclesiastical organisation, minutely subdivided, brought up Chancellor Dibdin on the parson's freehold and the Patronage Bill; the Bishop of Peterborough and a galaxy of dignitaries on

the Cathedral; Professor Ince, Chancellor Worlidge, Canon Newbold, and others on clerical reading and learning; Lord Cross upon endowments; and a group of specialists upon our relations with other churches and religious bodies.

Of course, the Army and Navy were not forgotten, and equally of course, women's work was discussed. Hymnology (with the encyclopaedic Mr. Julian as guide) was a fitting subject for a diocese presided over by one of the sweetest of Anglican hymn-writers; and church music kept it company, with the advantage of Sir John Stainer's presence. At Exeter, by-the-way, there was an increasing tendency to recognise the value of women's opinions, and the

Photo by J. Browning, Exeter.

CANON EDMONDS.



wisdom of allowing women to state them. Another point which ought not to escape recognition was the self-denying way in which many of the chief clergy of the diocese kept themselves in the background, and addressed themselves to secure an open field for their guests. In this, the leading

laity of the diocese, the Earl of Mount-Edgecumbe, Sir John Kennaway, and many more, as cordially lent their aid. Devonshire hospitality abounded, and if Exeter is not remembered as one of the largest Congresses, it should at least in time to come have the fragrance proper to one of the most pleasant.

Photo by J. A. Draycott, Birmingham.

CANON HAMMOND.



EXETER CATHEDRAL: THE CHOIR LOOKING EAST.

EXETER CATHEDRAL.

since the sixteenth Congress met at the Three Towns in 1876. But its excursions towards the setting sun have in each case had a peculiar interest. During the Bristol Congress of 1864, Keble and Pusey were present, and shared actively in the debates, while Father Ignatius moved the Congress with a new sensation by appearing in his monkish raiment. At Bath, in 1873, the Congress organised itself on a more secure basis, and appointed as its permanent secretary Archdeacon Emery, who is still in office. At Plymouth, in 1876, some apprehensions were felt at the distance from London and the attitude of the Bishop, but the fears were forgotten in a successful Congress.

There could be no more fitting place for such an assembly than the one great English city which, like the English Church, has "kept its unbroken being and its unbroken position throughout all ages." Athelstan left his mark upon the Church at Exeter; Edward the Confessor made it the seat of the bishopric; the city sheltered Harold's kin against the Conqueror, and Henrietta Maria six centuries later; it is the city where Miles Coverdale and Trelawney and great "Henry of Exeter" were Bishops, where Reginald Pole was Dean before he was Cardinal. Now it is the centre of an active Church life in a diocese which combines problems of the remoter countryside with those of the seaport and the garrison town.

It is a city of historic



Photo by Scott and Sons, Exeter.
ARCHDEACON SANDFORD.

renown and permanent interest, which has now shown that its business-like qualities are not inferior to those which men chiefly associate with newer and less romantic surroundings. For probably no Congress has been organised with more care for detail than this of Exeter. The labours of Archdeacon Sandford, and of Canons Edmonds,



Photo by Mauil and Fox, Piccadilly.
LADY LAURA RIDDINGS.



FANNIE MOODY.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Lamartine, in spite of his poetical genius, possessed the political instinct to a high degree; he was, moreover, a thorough man of the world. When he became Minister for Foreign Affairs at the beginning of the Second Republic, he found himself in a predicament with regard to the filling of the highest diplomatic posts. Even if the experienced Ambassadors of the Restoration and the monarchy of July had not held deliberately aloof from the new régime, which to a certain extent they did, the Marrasts and Cavaignacs would not have allowed them to take their rightful places. They reserved these for their own adventurers, mostly connected with the *National*.

Under these circumstances, Lamartine could only dispose of presumptuous mediocrities and downright nonentities from a diplomatic point of view. He chose the latter. "A mediocre diplomatic agent," he said, "is sure to be beguiled into some mediocre step; a nonentity does nothing at all." I have a long list of these nonentities. Unfortunately, it is not at hand, but the Ambassador at Naples figures on it. Italy was in the throes of a revolution at that time, and it was a critical period for the whole of the *corps diplomatique*. An eminent Frenchman passing through Naples went to see the new Ambassador. "What sort of reception did you have of the King?" he asked. "Do you think I trouble my head about that kind of folk?" was the answer. When Lamartine heard the story he smiled. "Do you see now that I was right to appoint a downright nonentity? A mediocre envoy would inevitably have gone to see the King and compromised a situation which the other has left intact."

There are no nonentities in the diplomatic service of the Third Republic. In their own estimation they all could give a lesson to the Talleyrands, the Guizots, the Metternichs of the past, and the fast-succeeding Ministers at the Quai d'Orsay have been virtually compelled to take them at their own value. "Nature intended me to be a diplomatist," says one of the elder Dumas' heroes. "If that be the case," replies his interlocutor, "we had better get you an opening in the diplomatic career as soon as possible. I was under the impression that diplomatic skill is to a certain extent a matter of hard study and experience. You say it is matter of instinct, and that it cannot be taught. You ought to know, for you claim to be a heaven-born diplomatist, so I am willing to believe you." The scene, which at the first blush appears to be a burlesque one, has been enacted during the last twenty-three years not once, but scores of times, at the Hôtel des Affaires Etrangères, with the result that there has been a terrible consumption of Ambassadors during the Third Republic, especially of Ambassadors to the Court of St. James's. The Baron de Courcey is the fortieth French Ambassador to England since the first Revolution: Lord Dufferin is the eleventh English Ambassador to France since that date. Nearly one-third of those French Ambassadors have come and gone since Sept. 4, 1870.

I will avoid mentioning names as far as possible, for an Ambassador, whether gone or present, is entitled to respect. International etiquette has prescribed this; hence I will not institute invidious comparisons as to their degree of incapacity, for nearly all were mediocrities. Had they been nonentities, not half the harm would have been done. They were almost entirely ignorant of the "new diplomacy," and the only lesson the "old diplomacy" had taught them was the piling-up of reports.

"How do you manage to send a report by every mail?" asked Prince Metternich (the famous one) of Ambassador Elliot, nearly a hundred years ago, when the latter represented England at the Court of Frederick William II. of Prussia. "Nothing is easier, provided you know the trick," was the answer. "If I happen to hear something which I fancy will interest my Government, I draw up a report. If I hear nothing I invent my news, and contradict it in my next dispatch. In that way I am never short of matter."

Nowhere are the archives of the Ministries more jealously guarded than in France. The great Victor Cousin had the greatest difficulties thrown in his way when he wanted to consult documents relating to Louis XIII. Sir James Mackintosh was not permitted to carry away the extracts he made in 1815, and Talleyrand had forcibly to interfere in favour of the historian. And yet there is nothing easier, provided one knows the way, than to get a surreptitious glimpse of most important or pseudo-important documents. Personally, I have seen at least a hundred of those documents, supposed to be of the utmost value. They were long riddles about Ireland of the Ambassador of whom the late Lord Granville remarked that he saw no impropriety in the Ambassador's discussing French affairs with him. They turned out to be would-be graphic accounts of the sports and pastimes of England, and so forth, of another Ambassador, &c.

The Baron de Courcey is not the likely man to make such mistakes or to seek a bubble reputation by such means. For once in a way the guiding spirits at the Quai d'Orsay have got hold of the right man in the right place. He is almost as chary of his writings as of his speech, but the reader must not infer that M. de Courcey is taciturn *de parti pris*. When one can get him to talk he is a most delightful *causur*; when one can get him to write, his communications are little masterpieces of classical, undefiled French. He is, moreover, most sympathetic to England, but by no means in the way his predecessor but one was accused of being sympathetic. M. de Courcey has been brought up in the grand old school of diplomacy. His grandfather was Talleyrand's solicitor; his influence procured for his son an appointment, as attaché when Talleyrand came to England in the early thirties, and the healthy traditions—healthy in spite, perhaps, of their supposed duplicity—have been transmitted by word of mouth to the son.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*.
J TEMPLE (Manchester).—The time taken by one player must not be more than an hour for twenty moves. He can take fifty-five minutes for the first move if he likes, but the other nineteen moves must be made in the remaining five minutes.

WHY NOT.—The real childlessness belongs to the critic who affirms without knowledge, and comments without consideration. 1. K to Q 4th will not do for Problem No. 2635.

ALPHA.—You have seen the pitfall, but stumbled on level ground. If Black for his second move play the King, where is mate given?

G C HEYWOOD (Newcastle).—Games and problem most acceptable.

R W SEATON.—We have carefully considered all the positions of your four-mover, but regret we cannot publish it.

I DESANGES.—No. 1 is accepted, No. 2 seems hopelessly wrong, for if either P takes Kt we see no solution.

W P HIND.—Q takes P yields another solution to your problem.

R B LYNHAM, SEWELL, and many others are informed there is no mistake in Problem No. 2635, as Black's reply of P becomes a Kt stops all their proposed solutions.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2628 received from M V Srinivasa Aiyangar, B A (Mysore Province); of No. 2629 from Dr A R V Sastri (Mysore); of No. 2633 from Charles Wagner (Vienna); of No. 2634 from J Ross (Whitley), Captain J A Challie (Great Yarmouth), Charles Wagner (Vienna), W E Thompson, J S Wesley, T W Guerin (Guernsey), John McRobert (Crossgar), C Butcher, jun. (Botesdale), J Bailey (Newark), J D Tucker (Leeds), J T O (Clapham), and Thomas Butcher (Cheltenham).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2635 received from E E H, Shadforth, W P Hind, J D Tucker (Leeds), W Mackenzie, J Dixon, E Loudon, Fideltas, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), Martin F, Father McCabe (Glasgow), W David (Cardiff), Rev J Jackson, Sorrento, Edward J Sharpe, M Burke, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), R Worters (Canterbury), F Anderson, H Rodney, Henry C Ford (Wimbledon), J W Scott (Newark), G T Hughes (Athy), W R Railton, F Waller (Luton), J Hall, W R B (Plymouth), T Roberts, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), E G Jungerich (Paris), Dr. F St, I Desanges, Bruno Feist (Cologne), H S Bradreth, Oswald Mayall, C D (Cambridge), Admiral Bradreth, R H Brooks, G Douglas Angus, C Butcher jun., C E Perugini, G Joicey, and H B Hurford.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2634.—By F. R. GITTINS.

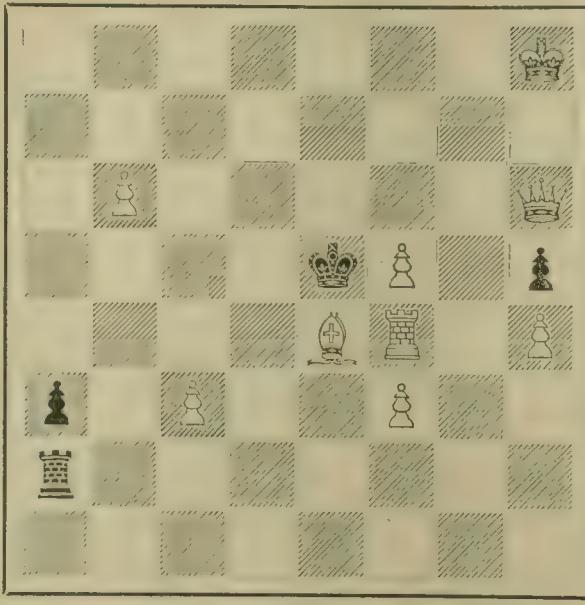
WHITE
1. B to Q 6th
2. Mates accordingly.

BLACK
Any move

PROBLEM NO. 2637.

By REGINALD KELLY.

BLACK.



WHITE. White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played in the Leipzig Tournament between Messrs. SCHIFFERS and LIPKE. (*Queen's Pawn Opening*.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	13. B takes Kt	P takes B
2. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	14. Kt to K 5th	B takes P
3. B to Q 3rd	P to K 3rd	15. P takes B	Kt takes Kt
4. Kt to Q 2nd	P to B 4th	16. Q to R 5th	P to B 3rd
5. P to Q B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	17. P to Kt 6th	Kt takes P
6. P to K B 4th	B to K 2nd	The last few moves have all been forced.	
		18. Q takes Kt	R to B 2nd
		19. B to K 3rd	P to Kt 4th
		20. Castles (Q R)	K to B sq
		21. P to Q 5th	

A good move, further strengthening his fine position.

21. P takes P

22. P to Q Kt 4th

23. R to R 7th

If Black tries to exchange Queens by Q to B 4th, the reply is B to Kt 5th, threatening mate, and forcing a win in any case.

24. B to B 5th (ch)

25. R takes Kt P

26. Q R to R sq

Resigns.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

The following game between Messrs. H. L. FAVROT and J. McCONNELL was awarded the brilliancy prize in the New Orleans Club Tournament.

(*Centre Counter Gambit*.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. McC.)	WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. McC.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	11. Castles (Q R)	K R to K sq
This gambit serves to avoid any early attack by White, who, however, has the advantage of a better game for some few opening moves.		15. P to Q 4th	
2. P takes P	Q takes P	It was of importance now to attack the King's position by P to Kt 4th	
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Q to Q R 4th	15. P to Q 4th	
Or the Queen may safely retire to Q sq.		Black, it will be noticed, proceeds at once to take advantage of White's dilatory tactics, and soon carries the position in fine style.	
4. Kt to K B 3rd	B to B 4th	16. K to Kt sq	P to Q Kt 4th
5. B to B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	17. B to R 2nd	P to Kt 5th
6. P to Q 3rd	P to B 2nd	18. P takes P	P takes P
7. B to Q 2nd	P to K 3rd	19. B to Q 2nd	R takes B
8. P to Q R 3rd		20. K takes R	Q to Q 4th (ch)
A weak move. Black is given—what is all important to him—time to develop his pieces. Castling was the correct play.		21. K to Kt sq	R to R sq.
8. B to Q 3rd		22. B to K 3rd	Q to R 7th (ch)
9. Kt to K 4th	Q to B 2nd	23. K to B sq	Kt to K 5th
10. Kt takes B (ch)	Q takes Kt	24. Kt to Q 2nd	Kt to B 6th, and wins.
11. B to K 3rd	Q to K 2nd		
12. P to K R 3rd	P to K R 3rd		
13. Q to K 2nd	Castles (K R)		

If P takes Kt, there is an immediate mate, and any other move loses easily. An exceedingly good finish, but White rendered a little assistance in bringing it about.

The North Brixton and Brixton Chess Clubs have been amalgamated, and, thus united, should play a strong game. The club has entered for the London Chess League competition (B Division), as well as for the Surrey County Chess Association Trophy competition. Dr. Dunstan was elected president for the season 1894-95.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

I doubt if we get as much praise as we deserve for our sense in costume, we women of to-day. Winter after winter, the most sensible and practical dresses appear for walking and other general uses, and all attempts on the part of the dressmakers to introduce styles that would encumber and distress are baffled by the quiet resolution of women not to adopt them. Three winters ago, there was an effort to bring in trains for walking-dresses; the following season we were threatened with crinoline by a powerful section of the costume-making world—not that they really admired it, but that it is to the interest of the astute persons who, as a business, concern themselves with dress to make alterations as complete and distinctive as possible. Both these attempts at changing the sensible existing plan of women's dress for everyday wear failed completely, and no happier result of the generally increased bodily activity and independence of action of our sex could be developed. I am glad to be able to report for the coming winter that the fashions are as sensible in all main points as for several past seasons. The skirts of tailor dresses clear the ground, and are generally plain, though some are slightly draped. The goring is very moderate, so that the skirts are not unduly heavy.

A band of narrow fur round the foot is popular, and bands of braid a little higher up, say, about the ankle, are also seen; but, as often as not, there is no trimming on the cloth or tweed skirt that is to encounter the mud or the rough stones. Smarter tailor dresses are braided by hand extensively. Braid passementerie is put on in points from the waist downwards, generally stopping before reaching the foot, and bands of narrow fur edging are in the same way applied down the seams or lengthwise between them on skirts in plain tweeds. The bodices of these tailor dresses are often rather much braided, and military "frogging" is coming in again. Thus, for instance, a gown of black serge has a bodice cut off at the waist-line, with a vest of powder blue cloth inserted and hussar frogs in black braid set down the front, the cords passing across the blue, with the orthodox barrel buttons fastening the exact centre. Another is in dark grey face cloth with a small band of light grey cloth forming a trimming round the bottom and also showing as a narrow vest, the light grey being in each position edged with a series of detached patterns in narrow black braid, each shaped like a shepherd's crook, lying slopingly on the darker cloth and away from the lighter one. In a brown fancy tweed gown, black braid is placed flatly on to simulate a zouave, and a little "curly-cue" pattern is apparently put round further to outline its shape, while the vest apparently revealed between is of a paler brown face cloth fastened down with tiny jet buttons. The sleeves of these tailor dresses are not so exaggerated as for visiting gowns, and are generally coat-shaped, fitting close below the elbow and full above; often, however, the puffed top is seen.

For smart visiting and evening dresses no better models could be described than are to be seen on Drury Lane stage, as is naturally the case when the best houses in London are allowed *carte blanche* to dress good-looking ladies. Such a gown as that worn by Lady Desborough at the military ball is so costly as to be out of the question for ordinary dress allowances. It is a low-cut Princess frock of black satin, completely covered in net embroidered by hand very closely in lines with glittering jet sequins, so that it sparkles with every movement, and, though black, holds the centre of the stage amid the bright uniforms of the men and the crowd of other fine gowns. Mrs. John Wood's dress in the same scene is a delicate lavender satin, the trained skirt cut up at intervals in vandykes to show inserted silver embroidery, lisse, trimmed with clusters of yellow roses at the edge. The low-cut bodice is trimmed with a sort of belt of the silver embroidery, in vandykes, the points reaching to the décolletage, and bands of yellow roses as epaulettes; the fly-away puffed short sleeves are indescribable, but should be noted. Excellent as an illustration of smart simplicity is Miss Alma Stanley's ball-dress of white moiré, exactly fitting and long-trained, but trimmed only with loops of silver sequins outlining the "waterings," while the bodice has one sleeve of satin and one of chiffon. An excellent visiting gown is Miss Beatrice Lamb's of pale green face cloth, the skirt plain, the bodice a three-quarter coat, having let in at the sides and the exact back pointed pieces of white satin covered with ecru guipure, this trimming outlined with narrow jet passementerie, and three big jet buttons finishing off each of the long narrow tails of the coat at the back.

It is a token of the interest in everything that appertains to women at present that the Grafton Gallery has been crowded all the dull season, and that the interest in the "Fair Women," whose pictured presentations are there displayed, remains still so great that the directors have rearranged the show, and are going to keep it open till the end of November. If any of my readers have not seen it, I strongly advise them not to miss it. Here are the likenesses of a whole throng of women whose names are as familiar to us, though they have long passed from "these voices" to "peace," as are the names of any of the women of to-day. So varied are the histories, so singularly unlike the obvious characters of all these women—queens and favourites of kings, actresses and professional beauties, mothers with their children, and young girls in their innocence—so varied, though intellect as such is not represented at all, that one wonders afresh at the silliness of the people who talk of "Woman" as an entity instead of recognising the infinite varieties of humanity in the one as in the other sex. Some of the portraits are a surprise; for instance, the intellect and calmness in the face of Madame de Pompadour, as remarkable as her wonderfully fine dressing. Surprising, too, and showing how much more important are manner, "magnetism," and "style" than mere features, is the positive plainness of many so-called "beauties." One will never judge many of these fair women and their stories in quite the same light after seeing their looks as before. The miniatures and the lace and the ancient embroideries are a remarkable show; in short, to a woman who cares for all things womanly it is a most fascinating exhibition.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 20, 1889), with two codicils (dated Sept. 28, 1893, and May 31, 1894), of Mr. Edward Hollingworth Penfold, of Winchester, who died on July 24 at Bournemouth, was proved on Sept. 27 by General William Charles Forrest, C.B., the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £79,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to the Vicar and churchwardens of the parish of Loose, Kent, to invest same and distribute the income among such poor well-conducted inhabitants of the said parish not receiving parochial relief as the Vicar shall select; 200 guineas each to the West Kent General Hospital (Maidstone), the Royal School for Officers' Daughters (Bath), the Hospital for Incurables (Putney Heath), the National Life-Boat Institution, the Royal Asylum of St. Anne's Society, the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic (Queen's Square), and the United Kingdom Beneficent Association; 100 guineas each to the Ophthalmic Hospital (Maidstone), the Hants County Hospital, the Bonechurch Convalescent Home in connection with the Royal Hants County Hospital, the Sussex County Hospital (Brighton), the Hospital for Consumption (Brompton), the Cancer Hospital (Brompton), the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Royal Military Benevolent Fund, the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution, St. John's School for Sons of Clergymen, the Cambridge Asylum for Soldiers' Widows, and the Soldiers' Daughters' Home (Hampstead); and fifty guineas each to the Brighton and Hove Dispensary, and the Sussex and Brighton Infirmary for Diseases of the Eye, all free of legacy duty. He also bequeaths all his plate, pictures, and ornamental china to his brother-in-law, General W. C. Forrest, for life, and then to Colonel Thomas Heathcote Stisted; and considerable legacies to cousins and other relatives, servants and others. The residue of his personal estate he gives to General Forrest; and all his real estate he devises to Colonel T. H. Stisted and his heirs.

The will (dated June 14, 1894) of Mr. Frederick Christopher Blackiston, of Reigate, wine and spirit merchant, who died on June 16, at Brighton, was proved on Sept. 27 by William Edward Blackiston, the brother, and John Merrick Head, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £54,000. The testator bequeaths £50 to the Reigate and Redhill Cottage Hospital; £5000, upon the trusts of the settlement of his sister, Mrs. Clara Charlotta Carter; and considerable bequests to nephews, nieces, godson, and others, and legacies to persons who are or have been in his service. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his brother, William Edward Blackiston.

The will (dated Oct. 7, 1889), with two codicils (dated March 9 and Sept. 7, 1893), of Mrs. Isabella Crosfield, of 5, Kensington Palace Gardens, who died on July 29 at Folkestone, was proved on Oct. 1 by Arthur Crosfield,

Joseph John Crosfield, and Francis Hugh Lee, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £48,000. The testatrix bequeaths her jewellery to her grandchildren Dorothea Nicholson and George Nicholson; her plate, furniture, and effects to her daughter Mrs. Amy Letitia Nicholson; £10,000 to her son-in-law Charles Norris Nicholson; and £200 to her executor, Mr. F. H. Lee. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for the children or remoter issue of her daughter as she shall by deed or will appoint.

The will (dated July 31, 1894) of Mr. Robert Pearson Brereton, of 130, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, who died on Sept. 1, was proved on Sept. 27 by Mrs. Anna Margaretta Brereton, the widow, and Cuthbert Arthur Brereton and Robert Pearson Brereton, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal value amounting to upwards of £40,000. The testator gives his household goods, furniture, and effects to his wife; and there are one or two other bequests. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood; and in the event of her marrying again he gives her the use of 130, Gloucester Terrace, for life, and £2000 to be laid out in the purchase of an annuity. The ultimate residue is to be divided between John Lloyd Brereton, William Robert John Brereton, Cuthbert Arthur Brereton, Robert Pearson Brereton, and Elizabeth Anna Brereton, the five children of his sister, Elizabeth Ann Brereton.

The will (dated Feb. 26, 1874), with seven codicils, of Mrs. Eliza Ann Forster, widow of the late Mr. John Forster, of Palace Gate House, Kensington, who died on Aug. 8, was proved on Sept. 29 by Sir Joseph William Chitty, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £21,000. The testatrix leaves all the real and personal estate which she has power to dispose of to the executors of her husband's will, to blend and go with his estate, and the residue of her property not otherwise disposed of, to her nieces, Fannie Crosbie and Maria Crosbie. There are numerous legacies, pecuniary and specific, to relatives, friends, and servants. Mr. Forster, by his will, bequeathed his library of printed and other books, manuscripts, and autographs, and the paintings, pictures, drawings, and engravings as per a schedule annexed thereto, on the death of his wife, to the Department of Science and Art incorporated by Royal Charter on certain conditions; and Mrs. Forster now gives the portrait of Lord Lytton, Governor-General of India, by Millais, and the portrait of her husband, by C. E. Perugini, to the Department of Science and Art, to go with her husband's collection. By the death of his wife, legacies under Mr. Forster's will to two daughters and the sister-in-law of Charles Dickens, to several members of the Chitty family and others, become payable.

The will (dated Oct. 5, 1893) of Miss Jane Aked, of Kershaw House, Luddenden, Halifax, Yorkshire, who died on Aug. 17, was proved on Sept. 26 by William Henry Boocock and John Ambler, the executors, the value of the

personal estate amounting to over £18,000. The testatrix gives her furniture and effects to her sister Ellen Aked, and leaves all her real estate and the residue of her personal estate, upon trust, for her said sister for life. At her sister's death she bequeaths £1000, to be called "Aked's Trust," to be invested and the income applied, at Christmas or Midsummer, for the benefit of the deserving poor of that part of the township of Midgley residing at or in the immediate neighbourhood of Booth as the minister and deacons of Booth Independent Chapel may select, preference being given to spinsters. As to the ultimate residue of her property, she leaves two fifths (less £500 to be held, upon trust, for her niece Alice Gertrude Caw) to her nephew Samuel Milne Milne; and three fifths, upon trust, for her niece Ellen Wilders for life, and then for her two daughters.

The will and codicil of Mr. Charles Cholmeley Dowling, of 13, Eaton Square, who died on June 27, have been proved by Mrs. Lavinia Dowling, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £8898.

The will of Mr. Henry John Borrow, of Mashonaland, South Africa, in the employ of the British South Africa Company, who died on Dec. 4 on the north bank of the Shangani River, Matabililand, was proved on Sept. 15 by the Rev. Henry John Borrow, the father, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7836.

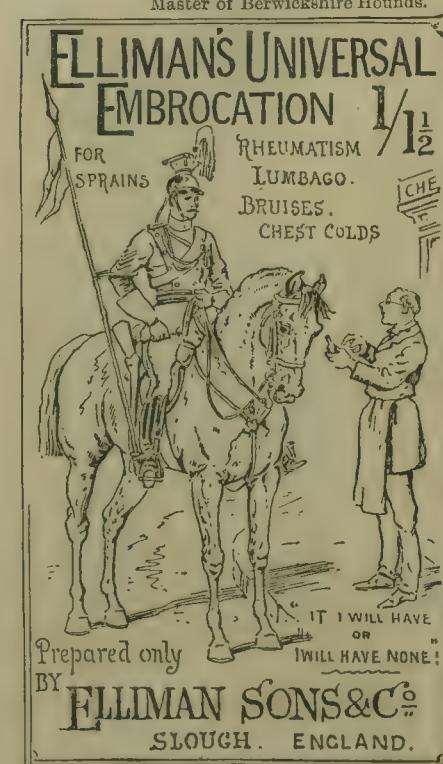
The will of Mr. Hugh Fraser, her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in Japan, who died at Tokio on June 4, was proved on Sept. 27 by Mrs. Mary Fraser, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5673.

ART NOTES.

The Photographic Salon, which holds its annual exhibition at the Dudley Gallery, not only aims at a higher artistic level than the more technical society, but it encourages especially novelties, no matter how audacious. Among these latter, Mr. Alfred Maskell's experiments in "Local Development," and Mr. Rowland Brian's silhouettes are the most striking—the former when most successful, as in the "Road by the Mere" (43), with the bright light breaking through the black clouds, being almost Rembrandtesque in its result; while the latter reproduces, but with a very different degree of accuracy (83, 84), the appearance of the old-fashioned scissor-cut black paper silhouettes, which are the only portraits many possess to recall their remoter "forebears." These, however, are by no means the most attractive exhibits on the walls. Possibly the realists will expect to find photography support their theories of art, but it will perhaps be more difficult to persuade the Impressionists that in the same art they will find the highest justification of their treatment of nature. Such works as Mr. L. C. Bennett's "First Gleam" (18); Mr. Rowland



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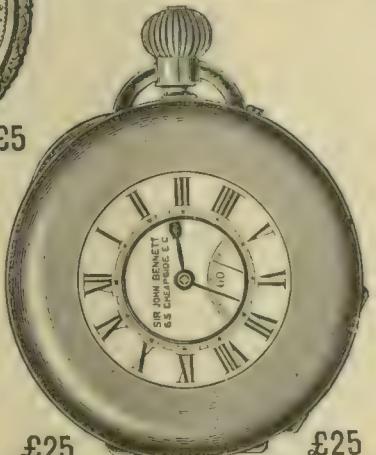
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Briant's "Across the Common" (35), with its marvellous rendering of snow; and Mr. Harold Baker's "Evening" (61), are as thoroughly impressionist as any work by Mr. Stott of Oldham, or even by Mr. Whistler. The realists—and there was a time when Mr. Whistler himself worked in their ranks—will find in Mr. J. Craig Annan's photography a tribute to their powers. The portrait of an old lady (95) seated in her chair and looking wholly at ease is, perhaps, the most perfect bit of photography in the whole exhibition, and would make portrait-painters tremble for their prospects if such results could be achieved generally.

Among the more general features of interest in the exhibition may be mentioned the variety and delicacy of Dr. Hugo Henneberg's work (5-8); the thoroughly etching effects produced by Mr. L. C. Bennett in such a picture as "Tenby" (27); the artistic sense as well as the richness of colour which distinguish Mr. G. Davison's "Studies on the East Coast among the Marshes and Broads" (197-206); Mr. C. H. Emmanuel's clever rendering of movement in such groups as "At the Fair, Concarneau" (38); the softness of many of Herr Bergheim's faces (130-7). These are among the special features of an exhibition of which the standard is unexpectedly high. To the names already mentioned as achieving success in their various styles should be added those of Mr. Seyton Scott, Mr. L. Clark, Mr. Shapoor Bhedwar, Mr. Ralph Robinson, and the veteran Colonel J. Gale, whose work is like a steel engraving.

The statement that nothing of artistic value was lost in the burning of the Hôtel de Ville and Museum at Verdun needs modification, for it is stated that Bastien-Lepage's "Chanson de Printemps," which had been lent to an exhibition of his works, had been returned, and was among the pictures destroyed. Bastien-Lepage, it may be remembered, was closely connected with Verdun, for it was there that his diligence and skill in drawing first declared themselves. After many years of weary waiting and constant working he had two pictures hung in the Salon of 1874, one of which was "The Song of Spring," treated in the semi-allegorical decorative style of his master Puvis de Chavannes. It was hung too high to attract attention from the critics or the public, and it was purchased by the Government and presented to the town of Verdun, where it was little seen and almost forgotten. The other picture, exhibited at the Salon the same year, was "The Portrait of My Grandfather," and on this work Bastien-Lepage's subsequent fame was mainly raised.

The "Fair Women" exhibition at the Grafton Galleries has been freshened by the introduction of much new blood, and, in many cases, of the "bluest" in artistic distinction and merit. "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse" is justly regarded as one of Reynolds' later masterpieces, as it is one of the glories of Grosvenor House. In like manner Gainsborough's "Lady Eardley and Child," Romney's "Mrs. Paulett," Hoppner's "Lady Cunliffe," and

Lawrence's "Lady Castlereagh" are three admirable specimens of their respective masters—not only illustrative of the various phases through which portrait-painting passed in less than forty years; but nobly indicating the claims of the sitters to be ranked among the "Fair Women" of all time.

The other change which most strongly strikes the eye in the rearrangement of these galleries is the substitution of some handsome ladies by Rubens, Rembrandt, and Vandyck for the galaxy of perhaps interesting but certainly unattractive ladies of doubtful fame by various Italian artists. Rembrandt's mother—for a long time his only female model—and Rembrandt's wife, Saskia—the real or pretended cause of the artist's reckless mode of living—would be in themselves sufficiently attractive subjects, but, depicted as they are by one of the greatest painters the world has seen, they are doubly interesting. There are two new specimens of Greuze's work, both brilliant in execution, but too affected and artificial in pose to obtain full appreciation in these days. Among the modern artists Mr. Watts is represented by the portraits of two distinguished women of our own time—Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford, and Lady Lilford, the daughter of the last Lord Holland—women who in their several ways have left their mark in the world.

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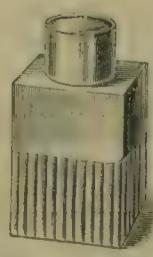
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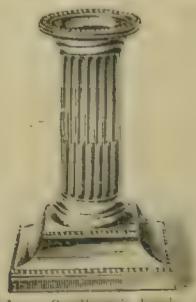
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BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

We can only revert briefly to the Birmingham Festival. The expectation that "King Saul" would prove a great work was not disappointed. During the first two acts the smart assemblage in the Town Hall showed its admiration for some splendid choruses, and for the singing of Mr. Henschel and Miss Mario Brema, as Saul and his Evil Spirit, by breaking through the rule forbidding applause in oratorios. Then, after the interval, came the third act, which contains the most beautiful music in the work—more fine choruses, the great scene of Saul's nocturnal vision, the love duet for David and Michal, another solo for the Evil Spirit, and the flight and pursuit of David—a succession of masterly episodes. The fourth act, with its cleverly devised scene at Endor, its magnificent description for the Witch of Saul's defeat and death (sung by Miss Hilda Wilson), and the final lamentation of Israel, fell

upon tired ears and so failed to keep up the previous pitch of enthusiasm. Dr. Parry conducted the performance.

"The Swan and the Skylark" may not add lustre to the fame of Goring Thomas, but it will be received everywhere, as it was at Birmingham, with the admiration due to a composition full of grace, refinement, and charm. The choral writing is delightful, and the music embodying the dying strains of the Swan overflow with tender expression. It was in the rendering of the latter that Mr. Edward Lloyd achieved the vocal triumph of the Festival. Never has our eminent tenor sung with greater beauty of voice or more fervour and abandonment of style. Madame Albani did justice to the by no means easy passages allotted to the Skylark; and Miss Marie Brema (immensely improved by her experience at Bayreuth) and Mr. W. H. Breerton completed the solo quartet. Professor Stanford has shown the hand of a master in his imitation of the "Nadesha" scoring, and Dr. Richter's superb orchestra interpreted it

absolutely to perfection. The remaining novelty of the festival, Mr. Henschel's "Stabat Mater," did not win unqualified favour, though acclaimed with sufficient warmth by the public that heard it. It is well constructed and, in a measure, attractive, but its art is not of the kind that conceals art; and the probabilities are that it would be heard to better advantage in the church than in the concert room.

That it was on the whole a particularly solemn Festival we do not deny. Still, it was an enjoyable one, and, save at Leeds, no institution in the country could have furnished such exceptional performances of Cherubini's Mass in D minor, Palestrina's "Stabat Mater," Berlioz's "Te Deum," Beethoven's Choral Symphony, Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," and the third part of Schumann's "Faust." It is regrettable that the receipts should have fallen £1100 below those recorded in 1891. Nevertheless, the Festival was a financial success, inasmuch as there will be a balance of over £4000 to hand to the charity.

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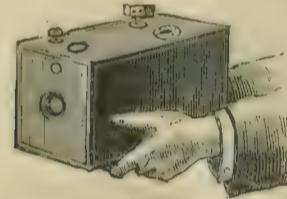
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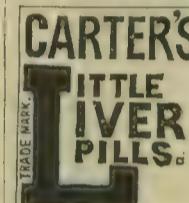
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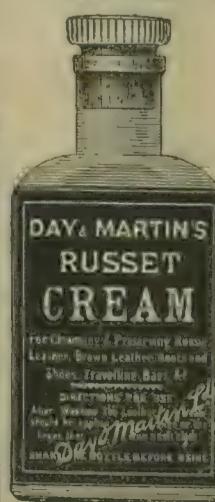
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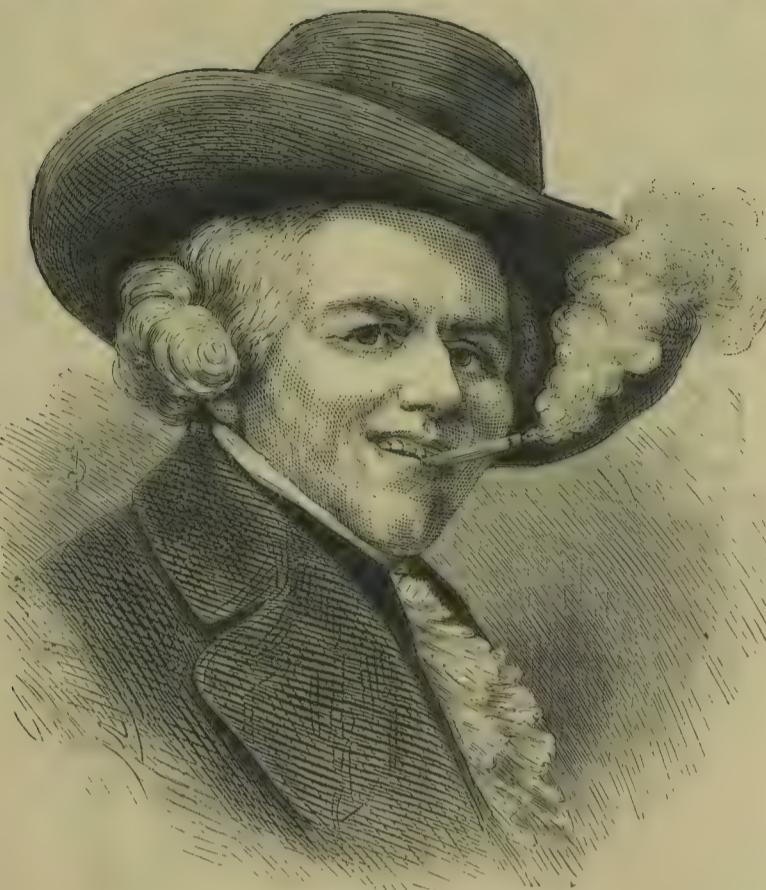
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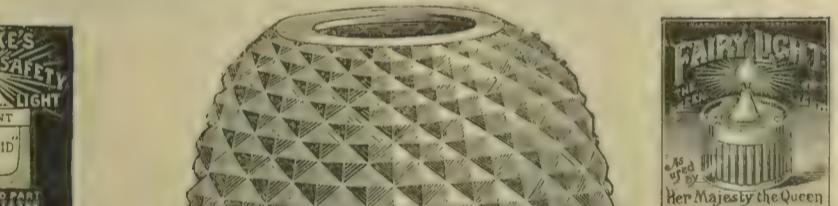
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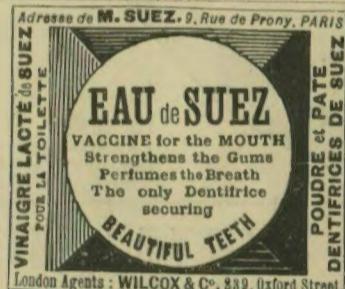
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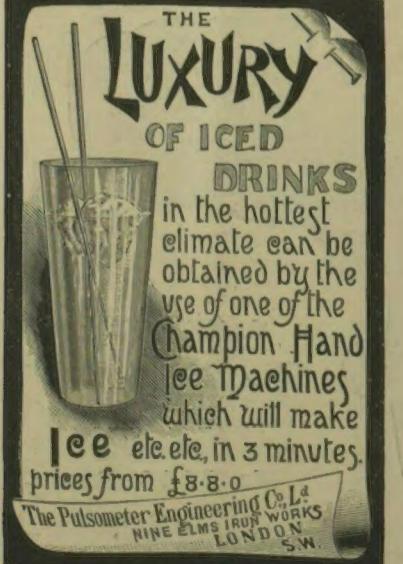


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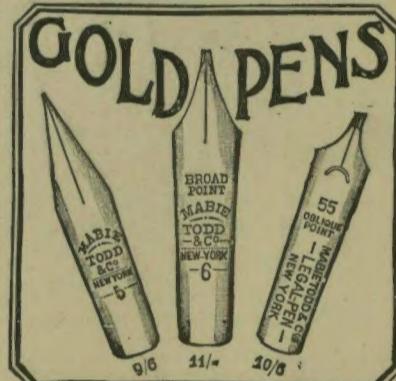
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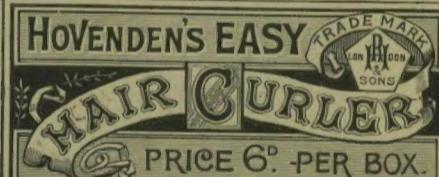
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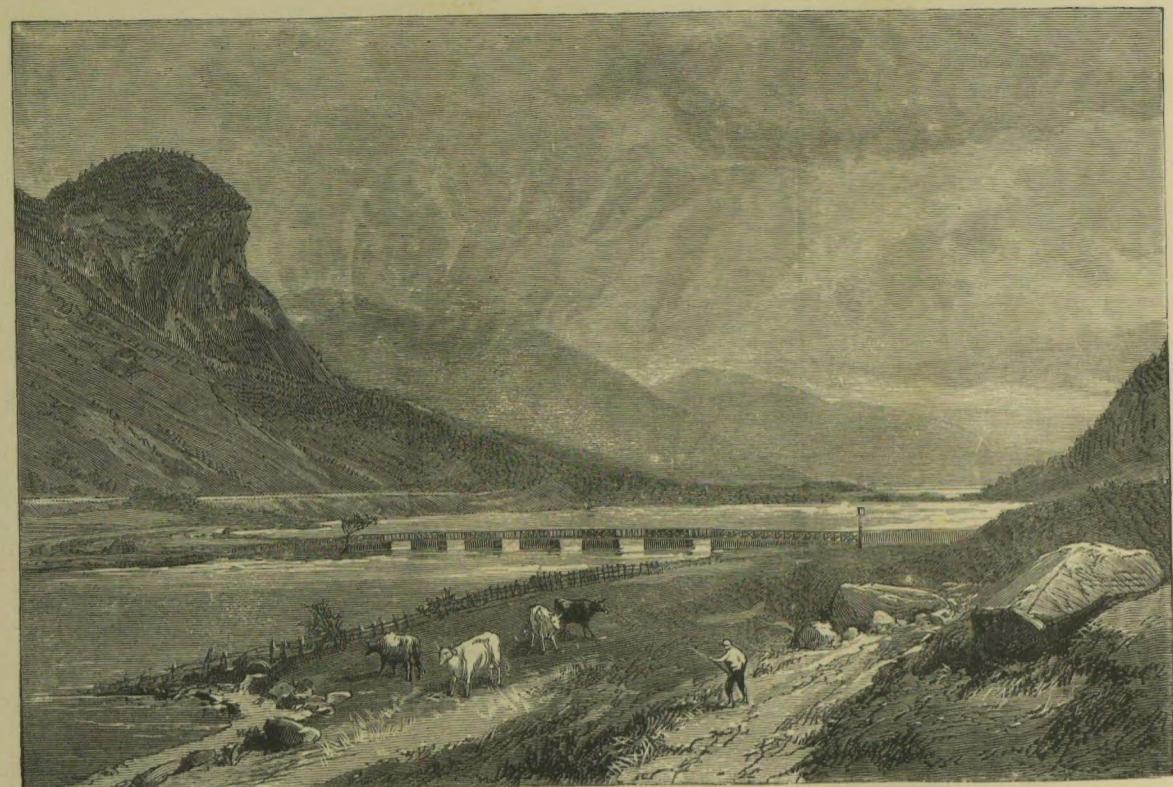
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At all events, her imperative demand for a more plentiful water supply has been for many years incessant. The old supply from the river Etherow might be increased, and the Longdendale reservoirs might be multiplied, but the fact remained that with a rainfall of about forty-four inches per annum the total available quantity of water which a gathering ground of nineteen thousand acres could supply was no more than thirty-eight million gallons per day, of which thirteen millions and a half were required for what is known as "compensation water," that is, water which is supplied to various persons who had been accustomed to rely upon the ordinary provision of Nature, which has probably been disturbed by the machinations of engineers and contractors.

It is not necessary to enter in detail into the circumstances which made the abandonment of the old waterworks as a staple source of supply an absolute necessity. Suffice it to say that the summer of 1873, before the present works were begun, and that of 1887, when they were in full progress, were enough in themselves to give warning to the local authority that there was great danger in leaving the supply in the state in which it then was. It was determined, after processes which may be rapidly passed over, to secure a site in the midst of the Cumberland lakes, where an unfailing supply of water could at all times be obtained and passed on for the use of a great and busy city.

There were but three of the group of lakes that were available for the purpose. These were Ulleswater, Haweswater, and Thirlmere. After due consideration of the claims of each, it was decided that the last named was prominently suitable for the purpose; and as the result of prolonged Parliamentary struggles the right to acquire the lake for the purposes which Manchester intended was at last obtained, and the necessary works begun. As to the accuracy with which the laborious work of surveying was performed, there is no need to speak. That was only the preliminary to the raising of a lake already some three

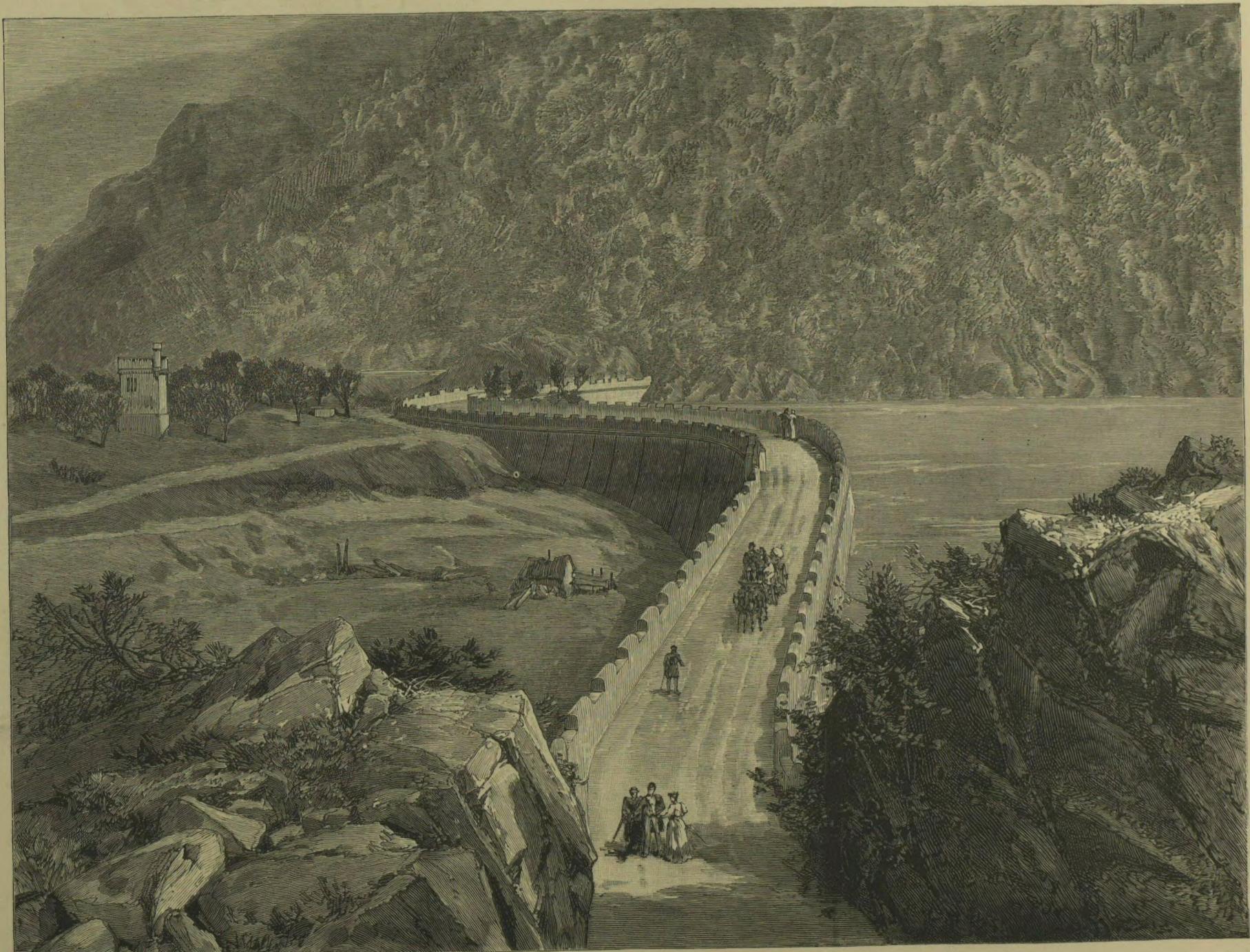


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hundred and thirty acres in area to an additional height of fifty feet above its former elevation from the sea-level, in order to give the water a sufficient "fall" on its way to Manchester, and in order also to increase the storage capacity of the lake by something like two hundred per cent.

These results were obtained by a complete alteration of the topography of the district. A huge dam, 50 ft. wide at its lowest base, and 18½ ft. wide at the top, carrying a

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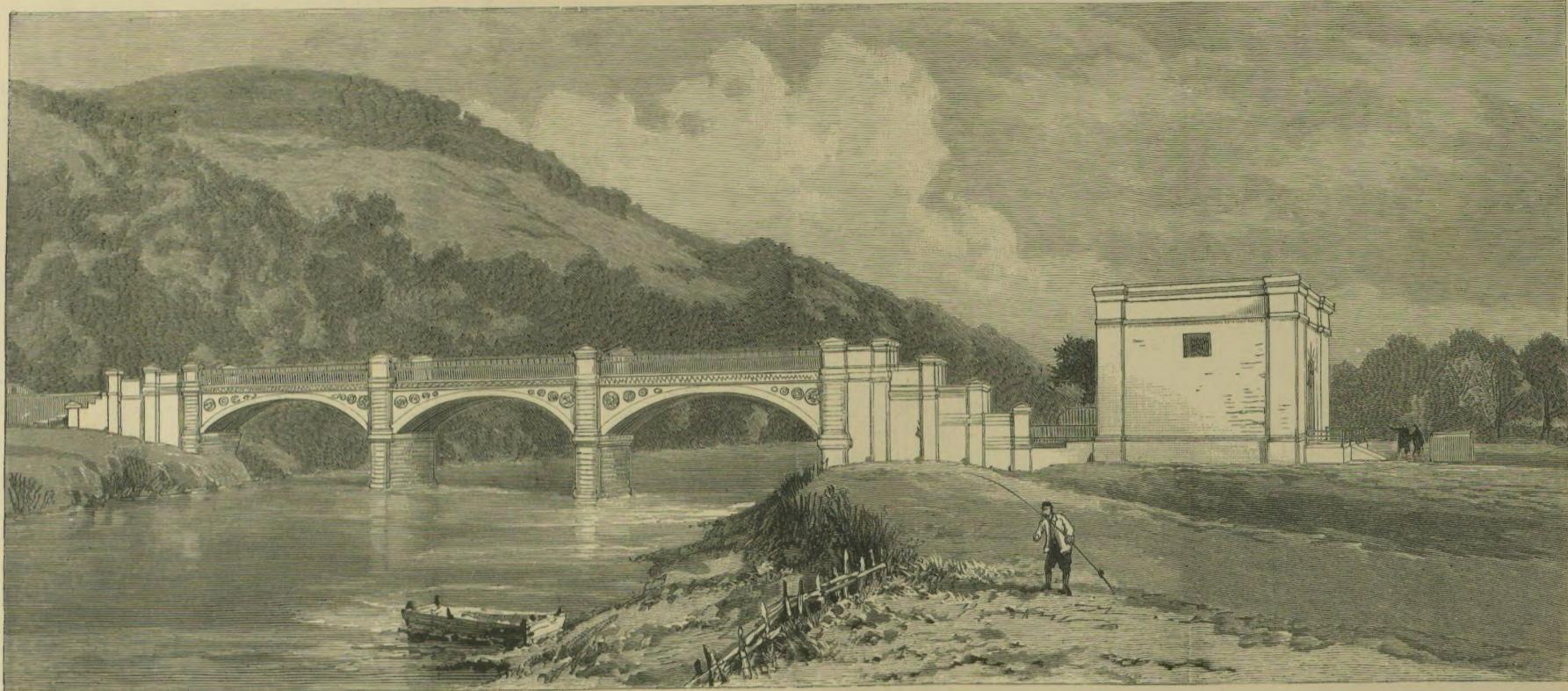
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THE THIRLmere LAKE AND GREAT DAM: SHOWING THE WATER IN LAKE WHEN RAISED TO THE FULL HEIGHT, FIFTY FEET.

THE MANCHESTER-THIRLMERE WATERWORKS.



BRIDGE ON WHICH THE PIPES ARE CARRIED OVER THE RIVER LUNE.

the result is that after compensation water to the amount of five and a half million gallons has been given to the parties entitled to it, there will be left no less than fifty millions of gallons for the purposes of consumption of the Cotton City.

This could not have been achieved without the transformation, or, at any rate, modification of Nature's work in many places. One of our Illustrations shows the lake of Thirlmere as it used to be. Another represents the present state of things, with the lake enormously enlarged and many natural and artificial landmarks submerged. Again, the St. John's Beck is shown, fulfilling the function

it once perennially fulfilled, of draining Thirlmere on the north; and, as a contrast, an idea is given of the Beck as it now is, receiving its supply solely from artificial channels cut through the main retaining wall. The water once raised to its new, or, as the geologists would say, old level, it only remained to carry it over the intervening space of nearly a hundred miles, stretching from Cumberland to South Lancashire. Of this distance no less than fifteen per cent. had to be tunnelled, the remainder consisting of piping on a large scale or of what is called technically "cut and cover," that is, trenchwork to contain the aqueduct, which is afterwards embedded and hidden from

sight. In its long journey the water is twice carried over rivers of too great magnitude to be passed by any other means than siphon bridges. These are at the passages of the Ribble and the Lune, and are highly artistic in appearance. One of them is shown in our sketch.

By this long aqueduct have the waters of the lake at the foot of Helvellyn been brought to the heart and centre of the city of Manchester; and her citizens fitly commemorate the fact by the turning on, in public fountain, of the bright stream of clear water which is a symbol of the bountiful plenty that, for nearly a century, they have sought in vain.



THIRLMERE, LOOKING NORTH.